TWOPENCE.
Vol. I IV.
1421.

A GALLERY OF ROGUES SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

JOHN BULL

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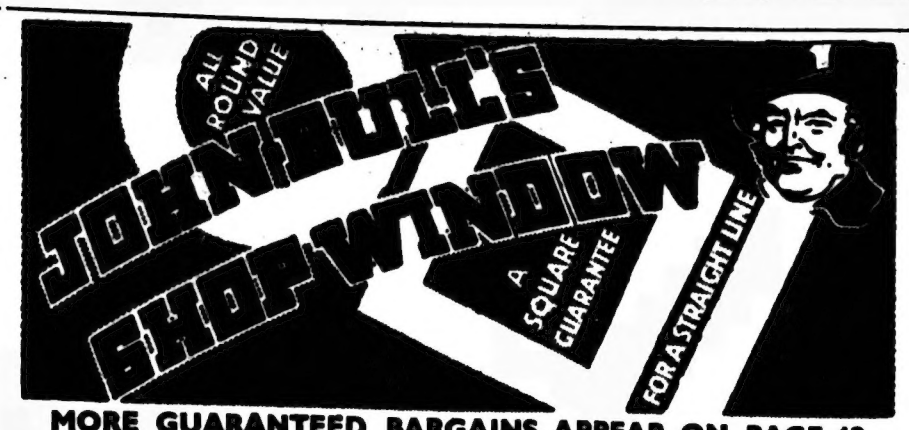

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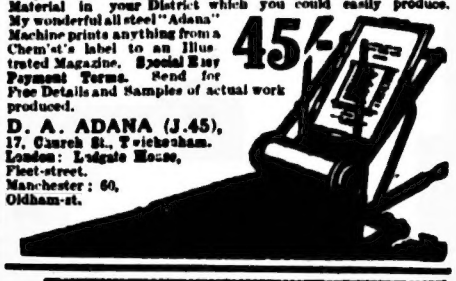

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A Board to Control

EVERY year, about this time, there emanates from H.M. Stationery Office a somewhat extraordinary and dazzlingly illuminating document.

It is the annual report of our old friends, the Board of Lunacy Control.

On this occasion the report of the Board's activities for the past year retains all its usual amazing characteristics, but far surpasses its predecessors in other features.

It has the impudence to imply that a very large proportion of the people of Great Britain are so insane or mentally deficient as to be in urgent need of incarceration in one or other of the types of asylums which the Board of Control administers.

It groans over the fact that people are not being "certified" in sufficiently large numbers to satisfy its craving for victims.

"We know that the British people are much more mad than the figures show," is their virtual complaint.

Now, what is the truth behind all this?

The Board of Control directs the most monstrous bureaucracy of modern times. It seeks to have ever larger masses of the population, young and old, consigned to its prison-like institutions. Therefore, to spread its domination over the lives and liberty of the people, and, in fact, to justify its own existence, it *imagines* them to be largely a conglomeration of lunatics and half-wits who must be marked down and hunted into captivity.

In the last ten years, the report reveals, the number of supposed mental defectives has been increased by nearly 400 per cent.—from 28,495 in 1923 to 102,345 this year. In addition, 148,775 people are now locked up as alleged lunatics.

It will be thought that the agents of the lunacy lords must have been working zealously to obtain these staggering totals and to justify the existence and expenditure—more than £10,000,000 yearly for the whole country—of the savage bureaucracy which they serve.

NOTHING of the kind. Their masters are very dissatisfied. They say that the ascertainment of mentally-deranged folk cannot be nearly complete. They estimate that the present number of defective persons in captivity or whose names have been registered as potential captives is only about one-half of what it should be.

They give the hint to the local lunacy administrators in the counties and towns of Britain to double their production of asylum fodder.

Last year the asylums' population increased by only 1,314, the lowest annual increase for fourteen years.

This is a fact which might be expected to give ordinary men and women cause to rejoice. Not so the Board of Control. It, in effect, apologises for the improvement, and says that this must not be regarded as indicating any diminution in the incidence of mental disorder.

The result is especially disappointing to the Board, because 2,260 extra beds had been provided in the asylums during the year.

It is only an accident, declares the report, *that a slower rate of increase happens to have coincided with an unusually large number of added beds.*

But these beds, and many more to be provided, must, and shall, be filled.

The Board of Control Wants YOU!

(with apologies to Kitchener's famous war-time poster)

The number of mental patients must continue to increase for many years to come.

These are the words of the report. Tens, hundreds, of thousands of adults and children, at present living free from any suspicion of mental derangement, will be searched out, branded, and made prisoners.

For long, JOHN BULL has been exposing the scandal of the minions of the lunacy authorities who penetrate the schools and the juvenile courts, seizing children who are backward in their lessons or mischievous, and having them put into asylum bondage as mental defectives.

The increase in the number of supposed mental defectives last year was a mere 5,000, bringing the total to a paltry 102,340. And this total, the Board declares, is again *little more than half the number estimated to exist.*

How do they know? By what process does the Board of Control arrive at these astounding estimates? Well, naturally, they don't reveal it. Because they can't. But the signal is unmistakable. The lunacy press-gang must redouble the hue and cry. The official kidnapping of innocent children is to become more intense than ever.

THE officers of education authorities are openly rebuked in this incredible report for failing to have notified more cases of mentally deficient boys and girls than they have done. Their failure, asserts the Board of Control, "is disturbing."

In the pages of the report there is even a kind of black-list of education authorities who have reported the least number of young people as possible asylum inmates.

The Board of Control condemns them. We cordially salute them.

All through the pages of the report the Board "deplores" and expresses itself as "disturbed" wherever there is evidence of fewer children being certified.

But it whoops with satisfaction wherever increases are found, although always adding the reminder that the figures can, and must, be made much larger still.

In two respects the report is constructive—though to what extent this aspect of it will add to the solution of the great lunacy problem we leave our readers to judge.

It recommends that people in asylums, instead of being supplied with any kind of garments, should in future be provided with *their own marked underwear*!

AND it proposes the introduction of a fish fryer to each asylum!

A generation accustomed to fish and chips, declares this precious treatise on current lunacy, *cannot be expected to eat steamed cod with anything but reluctance.*

Thus is the mentality of the Board of Control itself revealed in all its starkness.

When Parliament assembles, it should castigate the authors in no unmeasured terms.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Wrong Way to Fill the Churches

THE Suffolk village of Middleton has been badly hit by the drought. Many of the villagers have had to fetch water from four miles away.

The Rector has a water supply, but he has been giving water only to those who attend church.

He is the Rev. F. C. Luget, and we told recently how he claims to have seen visions of the Virgin Mary in his church and on his lawn.

That may or may not explain his strange action in keeping to a few people the only water supply that his village possesses. But he seems to have forgotten these words: "I was thirsty and ye gave Me no drink. . . ."

Let him read them over and over again until his well runs dry.

Children unwanted

Then we should like him to journey to Yorkshire and call on the Vicar of Settle.

He is the Rev. T. F. B. Twemlow, and during a wedding he first demanded that a child in arms should be taken out, and then, while addressing the newly married couple, commented on babies being brought to church on such occasions.

The Rector of Middleton might remind him that in the Marriage Service, which presumably he had just read, these words occur:

"First, it was ordained for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and to the praise of His Holy Name."

Petty squabbling

We consider that those two parsons might then travel to Fosdyke, in Lincolnshire, where there is a salary of £350 a year and a vicarage going begging. That living has been refused by three men since the death of the late vicar.

It is said that the last three vicars were not happy in the parish; that one of them disappeared, and that another died a disappointed man.

Yet a villager says that all he and his friends want is the use of the schoolroom for whist drives and someone to organise a summer outing. Is that an impossible condition for a parson? Or are the villagers impossible people?

A bishop's common sense

After such episodes, a remark of the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury comes like a breath of fresh air.

"There isn't the slightest reason why women should not come to church without hats," he writes in a letter to his diocese.

We have no doubt that those parsons who have been turning away hatless women have some reason for calling themselves Christians. But we think the Bishop has a far better one.

Compliment or insult?

We come next to the Reading man who was so enraged because children called him Gandhi that he appeared in court for assault.

The magistrates' clerk thought some people would feel complimented to be called that.

Maybe they would. But it only shows how wrong Shakespeare was when he implied that a name means nothing.

Amazing verdict

Another strange use of words was made the other day by a London coroner.

A Deptford boy of fourteen was found hanged in his home. His mother said he was fond of reading books of adventure and always experimenting. She thought he had yielded to a sudden impulse to experiment with a rope.

Whereupon the coroner, Dr. Whitehouse, made an extraordinary statement. He said he was bound to record a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind," and he added that it didn't make any difference whether the lad intended to take his life or not!

Mother's protest

We don't wonder the mother protested. But her agonised indignation did not move the coroner. The lad, he remarked, died from hanging; therefore it must have been suicide. The lad was "so full of horrible literature" that his mind was not normal.

We don't think Dr. Whitehouse can know much about boys. We hold no brief for "bloods" and "thrillers," but we are convinced that only normal boys read them.

Hanged Boy: Amazing Verdict

Doctor's Tragic Error

The Rector will never attract people to church this way!

Who was right?

We should like to hear what he thinks of the verdict of "Misadventure" passed only a day or two later on the student son of a doctor who was found hanging naked from his bed.

That lad had been experimenting. But so had the other. Yet one is declared to have been sane and the other insane.

So one of the two coroners must have been unhappy in his choice of words. We hope that lapse will not be repeated.

Going up!

It's really time our Dismal Jimmies stopped crying about trade depression and began to talk about trade revival.

There *is* less unemployment; railway traffic is better; British firms are getting big orders for coal, iron and steel, textiles and chemicals. Millowners are laying in bigger stocks of raw cotton and wool—a sign that they expect busier times shortly.

Higher wages, too

And during the last few weeks Stock Exchange securities, land, farming stock and the goods stored in warehouses have risen in value.

Of course, there can be no lasting revival unless wages go up too. Fortunately, official figures show that wage increases again exceeded the decreases last month.

But how much longer must we wait until the Government restores its own "economy cuts"?

Down the slippery path

Even more short-sighted in this matter are some local bodies. Manchester, for instance, is still slipping down the false-economy path.

Its corporation reduced its employees' wages last March. It is reducing them still further this week-end.

Even an office-boy is to lose eightpence a week, though we haven't heard anything about fresh cuts in the wages of highly paid officials.

One day Manchester may realise that lower wages mean less spending, fewer orders and a continuance of the depression. One day!

The sleepers awake

Truly, the minds of our local rulers work slowly.

For instance, a man is living in a house near Helston, Cornwall, that was condemned and ordered to be closed fifteen years ago. The kitchen is full of large holes, it is not safe to go into one bedroom, and light can be seen through the roof and a side wall.

At last the local council has decided that it ought to find another house for him. We hope he doesn't have to wait another fifteen years.

A doctor's error

And we hope it is a long time before we hear again of so tragic a delay in taking an injured man to hospital as that which befell a Leeds miner.

He was crushed by a large fall of stone and had fourteen ribs broken, his lungs lacerated and other injuries. The colliery doctor did not think he was badly hurt and merely ordered him to be taken home.

It was three days before he was removed to hospital, where he died.

We know that any doctor is liable to make a mistake, but we think that every miner crushed by a large fall of stone should be rushed to hospital to be X-rayed.

Careless chemists

Equally amazing was the lapse of the chemists who have just been criticised by the Brighton coroner.

In 1926 a man was ordered medicine containing arsenic. The doctor marked the medicine, "For three weeks only." Yet in the last two years one chemist alone has supplied 40 bottles of the stuff on that very prescription!

As each bottle contained a grain of arsenic, it is hardly surprising that the patient suffered from chronic poisoning.

But it is surprising that some chemists can't understand plain English.

Hot water

We are surprised, too, that Councillor Wilkinson, of Fleetwood, is in trouble. You see, he has made public the fact that water in the local swimming bath is contaminated; and he believes that "anything detrimental to the public ought to be made known."

His critics say it should be hushed up, and they talk darkly of a breach of faith to some committee.

It all depends on which you think is worse—a breach of faith to a committee or the public!

Strange secrecy

Grimsby certainly needs a lot of men like that Fleetwood councillor.

Some weeks ago we told how its public health system had been probed by Ministry of Health inspectors, and how their report had been kept secret by the town council.

We revealed, too, that the four principal officers of the health department had been asked to resign. Then the council changed its mind and let them remain.

Stranger frankness

Since our criticism the council has made a show of frankness. It has asked for its latest meeting to be fully reported.

At that meeting councillors hurled abuse at each other and eventually decided to dismiss only three health officials—and only for purposes of "administration."

But the Ministry of Health report is still kept hidden from the ratepayers.

Now we know

Now let us go to the other side of the country—to Blackpool.

Three bathers were drowned there, and the coroner, finding that they were drowning for twenty-five minutes before someone in authority arrived, criticised the patrol system.

The Deputy Town Clerk retorted that the patrol system is entirely voluntary and that the corporation is not obliged to provide it. What an excuse!

Driven to crime?

For a very different kind of excuse, listen to the plea of Thomas Roberts, a Grimsby fisherman who admitted stealing two purses.

He said he stole because he had been without food for two days. But he had more than £500 in the bank!

We know it wasn't his poverty that induced the Bench to let him off with a fine of £1. What could it have been?

Stern but fair

But we were glad to see that two engineers were each fined £25 at Hendon for being in possession of firearms and ammunition.

We say again that nobody needs firearms and nobody should have them.

And precious few people will keep them if all offenders are treated so sternly as those Hendon engineers.

Still shrinking

For many years a prize has been awarded in Chertsey to the farm labourer who has reared the largest family without parish relief.

The winner in 1912 had twelve children under the age of sixteen. In 1925 the number was eight. This year it has fallen to four.

No doubt some folk will find it a matter for regret. We don't. Better have few well-fed children than many ill-fed ones.

Deadly streams

A young man has lost his life through bathing in a germ-infested river at Wellingborough

The river has been sewage-polluted for many years, but despite its dead fish and evil smell is still the town's official bathing place, and two attendants are stationed there by the local council.

Townspeople cannot understand why the council does not build a proper bathing pool. Nor can we.

Their little joke

At the age of fifty-seven, and after holding his rank for only a few months, Admiral F. H. Mitchell has resigned to make way for younger men.

That is very nice of him, though, of course, he will draw a fine pension.

But the Admiralty has appointed as his successor a man who is fifty-eight! That may be a little joke, but we don't like that sort of humour.

Whisky dangers

We end with a word of warning. Americans are organising a big gamble in British whisky shares with the idea of unloading them on to British investors at a heavy profit when Prohibition comes to an end

But experts think that the present value of the shares is already too high, and investors who have taken part in this recent movement should dispose of their shares.

"There can never be another war in which women will be non-combatants." British V.A.D.'s receiving instruction in the use of gas-masks

WOMEN must stop it!

A WAR WARNING

by Ellen Wilkinson

A COMMITTEE room in the new Disarmament Conference building in Geneva. The long windows from floor to ceiling looked across the gay flower-beds to the blue Lake Leman, glittering in the sunshine. The room itself was all in steel and dark grey paint, like a submarine or a concentration camp, or any other of the grim signs of "progress" in our up-to-date civilisation.

The experts round the table thought they were discussing disarmament.

They started fifteen months ago, and start again this month.

Actually, they were talking about the weapons with which the next war will be fought.

"And not a woman among them," I thought indignantly. "Homes and children don't count here."

"No room for sentimentality among the real things of war," said the Very Young Journalist, loftily.

The Lieutenant-Colonel, one of Britain's experts, sitting on the other side of me, lifted an eyebrow.

"You are out of date, young fellow. In the next war that nation will win whose women have the strongest nerves," he said.

They must fight!

THERE can never be another war in which women will be non-combatants.

The military nations have already recognised this. France has passed a law of Universal Conscription, which arranges in detail for the conscription of women as soon as the next war is declared, for *any* service for which they may be needed.

Hitler and his Nazis affect to despise women except as the breeders of more soldiers for the battlefield.

But it is significant that recent orders from their headquarters make provision for special training classes for women in the technique of defence in gas-warfare.

The United States has gone one better. The Government has refused to grant American citizenship to a prominent woman pacifist, who has lived the required time in the country, because she refuses to give an undertaking that, if required, she would be willing to *fight* in the next war!

"You see, our defence problem is really one of tact," explained a young and enthusiastic air-force expert to me as we sat at tea after this queer "disarmament" committee. "Somehow we have to get the women used to the idea that the next war simply can't be fought in trenches. Each side will try to be the first to bomb the home towns of its enemy."

"Can't you stop them bombing English towns?"

"No, sorry, that's almost impossible. The only defence in aerial warfare is to bomb the homes of the other fellows, so that their wives and children will cry out first for the war to be stopped."

It is a pleasant prospect. Almost I am sorry that the authorities feel it necessary to be so tactful. If we women all had to do gas-drill it might bring home to us what the next war will be like to us, who were so comparatively comfortable in the last one.

Would mothers learn..?

VERY quietly the authorities are preparing trained bodies of men, like the fire-brigades, to deal with the effects of a gas bombardment. Some ambulance units are being given similar instruction.

But if, instead of being afraid to rouse the fears of the civil population, the powers-that-be did their duty in getting us ready for what is likely to happen, this is the sort of thing that would have to be done.

All the cellars in every street would first be examined to see if they were air-tight (how few would be), and whether the cellar-roof would stand the strain of all the other stories falling on top of it.

The next problem would be to plan a ventilation shaft of sufficient height to prevent the people crowded into the cellar from suffocating, either through gas leakage or lack of oxygen.

The women in the street would have to be told that once they and the children were inside that cellar, and the door tightly shut, it must not be opened for anyone, until the "All gas cleared" signal was given—which might easily take twenty-four hours.

Suppose mustard-gas bombs were being dropped by the attacking aeroplanes. This gas clings to skin and clothing and vapourises in a warm room. If little ones were caught coming home from school, or the husband coming back from work, then however piteously they knocked at the cellar door, the women must be strong enough not to take them in.

Nothing could save *their* lives once they had been exposed to the deadly gas, but if the door was opened, not only would the gas come in, but the vapour from their clothing would infect the others, and all would die together.

"In the next war that nation will win whose women have the strongest nerves," said the expert. He should have added—"and the hardest hearts."

Mustard gas, of course, is a comparatively simple proposition. All you have to do is to avoid contact with it—if you can.

But the woman who really wants to do her duty by her family and neighbours will have to know how to deal with the more complicated affairs like "Death-dew" and Phosgene. Very specially made gas-masks are the only effective means of combating this stuff, which seems to soak through any ordinary protection. It also contaminates any food it touches.

So our housewife in the next war will have the problem of keeping a gas-mask on a sick baby while trying to prevent the other youngsters, hungry and terribly thirsty, from tearing off their masks to eat or drink anything that is in the house.

Fire-bomb horrors

IT will take some courage for such a mother to burn all the food her family is crying for, not knowing when, or if, it will be possible to buy any non-contaminated food for miles around.

While she is coping with these problems, other things will be happening outside. In the latest military handbook the authors give directions for what they call "three-dimensional warfare aiming at the non-combatant."

In plain English that means combining poison gas with fire and high explosives to get the maximum of terror in the quickest time.

A lot of money has been spent on research into fire-raising bombs. There is one beauty called the thermite-electric bomb which can eat through stone and steel. Imagine that getting through to the water and gas mains!

And while these are raising fire and causing floods (and water increases the heat of thermite), ordinary high-explosive bombs will be blowing up tons of masonry, which will be falling round the housewives' ears, while they are trying to remember all the rules they have been taught for use in such an emergency.

Think of the worst volcano eruption we have had in our time—Mount Etna, Mont Pelée. That would be a picnic compared with what could be done in ten minutes by a highly-equipped gas-bombing squadron. And in this mad world each nation feels it has to spend thousands every year to find the best means of producing that sort of hell.

The hopeful sign

HOW to stop it in time?

Honestly, I am not sure that it can be stopped. Things may already have gone too far.

The most hopeful sign is the way women of all political parties and none, go eagerly to peace meetings these days. Women are uneasy about all the war talk there is in the air. If only we could convince those ladies who distributed white feathers in the last war that they themselves will be in the thick of the horrors of the next—it might have some effect.

The front-line trench, if such there is to be, will be a safer place than a Piccadilly club window, and that is some consolation to those of us who remember the fire-eaters of the last war.

The Man who WON'T be Bowled Out . .

The EPIC

1932—from the balcony of a sanatorium in Switzerland, Duleepsinhji listens-in to the Aus:ralian Test Match . . .

. . . Two years before—His first Test innings, "the most dazzling feat of the whole game"

THIS is a story of one man—a man with an unquenchable and dauntless spirit—a man who has fought many a stubborn fight to the accompaniment of public applause on the cricket field—but never one so hard as for years he has waged in private behind the scenes with a malady that has threatened to cut short a brilliant career.

The name of this man who has won the laurels of the brave in the secluded surroundings of the sick-room, where so much real courage and fortitude goes unrecognised, is Kumar Shri Duleepsinhji, cricketer, favourite nephew of a world-famous Indian prince, and a gentleman in the best and truest sense of the word.

For six years he has been fighting for his life without earning as much applause, as much moral support, except from those who knew how ill he was in spite of his denials, as when he has fought for a century.

It does not betoken any lack of sympathy on the part of the great British sporting public. "Duleep," as he will always be called by sportsmen of every kind everywhere, did not tell the world.

Three years ago he was hitting flashing boundary strokes when those who knew and were anxious about him were saying that the exertion of any one of them might seriously aggravate his illness.

He delighted the crowds with scintillating centuries when men less courageous than he would have dragged themselves away to their sick-beds. What is more, he did whole days of fielding at a time without a complaint.

And all the time he has realised what few people knew, that the dream of the late "Ranji," his famous uncle, to see him the greatest batsman who ever lived—a dream that at one time looked like coming true—was being dispelled like mist by the malady that had seized him.

He has probably lost a throne as well through his misfortune. Like the world at large, he can only guess that that was the reason why the late Prince Ranjitsinhji, Maharajah of Nawanagar, chose "Duleep's" brother, contrary to general expectation, as his successor. Only "Ranji" himself knew the reason, and he is dead.

Next year . .

But nothing of that matters. "Duleep's" doctors now feel as certain as they can be that he will live to play cricket again. Whether to be the greatest batsman of all time or not does not worry "Duleep" overmuch. The only victory he has sought since his illness drove him into retirement is to be well enough to play cricket again.

To-day he is at least holding his own against the enemy that has laid him low, with every promise of coming out a complete victor. He is talking of playing for England again next summer.

Even those experts who question a little his supreme optimism are saying: "Well, the year after, maybe. There's no reason why he shouldn't be playing again the year after."

And Sussex, the county of which he is captain, and which has three times refused to accept his resignation, has refused yet again because it knows that illness is not going to rise triumphant over such determination as his.

It was in 1927, when he was twenty-two years of age, that a dread adversary he had never expected to meet stalked into his life. He was shaping to be the world's greatest batsman at the time, as the great "Ranji" had predicted.

He had distinguished himself for Cheltenham, for Cambridge University and for his adopted county, Sussex. His 333 for the county team was the biggest in its history, and, as it was made in the short space of 5½ hours, the most brilliant as well.

Then came the day in 1927 when he learned the worst.

That day, playing for Cambridge against Middlesex, he had been more brilliant than usual, if that were possible. He had flicked balls to leg, driven them with herculean might to the boundary, lifted them with uncanny precision to points at which no fielders were waiting, tapped them to steal "short ones," and had so passed the hundred, the two hundred, and then the two-fifty mark.

He was not out at 254. He was limp and exhausted when they cheered him to the pavilion. But he was expecting all the time to feel fresh and strong again as soon as he had recovered his wind, and the tiredness had gone from his limbs.

Well, this time the tiredness did not go. It was just as if he had exhausted himself for ever.

The doctors overhauled him and told him all they knew. Lungs! Cricket would be fatal. Switzerland at once. He ought to have known when he had reached the fifty mark. It had been foolhardy of him to go on.

He bowed to the inevitable, but not until his pleas to be allowed to play again had proved futile.

The great summer game saw him no more that year. And that winter he went to a British sanatorium in the Swiss mountains.

A strange patient, was Duleepsinhji. Perhaps this strange, stubborn stoicism that he showed was some Indian manifestation, some fatalistic attitude dictated by his religion.

When they warned him that neglect would prove fatal he told them there was no need to worry; that he was determined to play cricket again and that he was going to.

When the attacks were at their worst he said there was nothing wrong with him and that, supposing he were asked to play for his county next week, he would be willing to do so. Nothing was going to beat him. .

And always, in hours of extreme crisis, at times of just ordinary anxiety, and when he was feeling just a little better, he faced his illness as he had faced the most deadly bowlers with whom he had come into contact—with doggedness, defiance and a smile.

And he was back again on the cricket field next year.

More centuries. More well-merited prophecies that the brilliance both of W. G. Grace and "Ranji" was going to be surpassed by this amazing young Indian. Everybody said it was obvious he was better, and although he told his friends that he felt fit and well again, he knew in his heart of hearts that he was not.

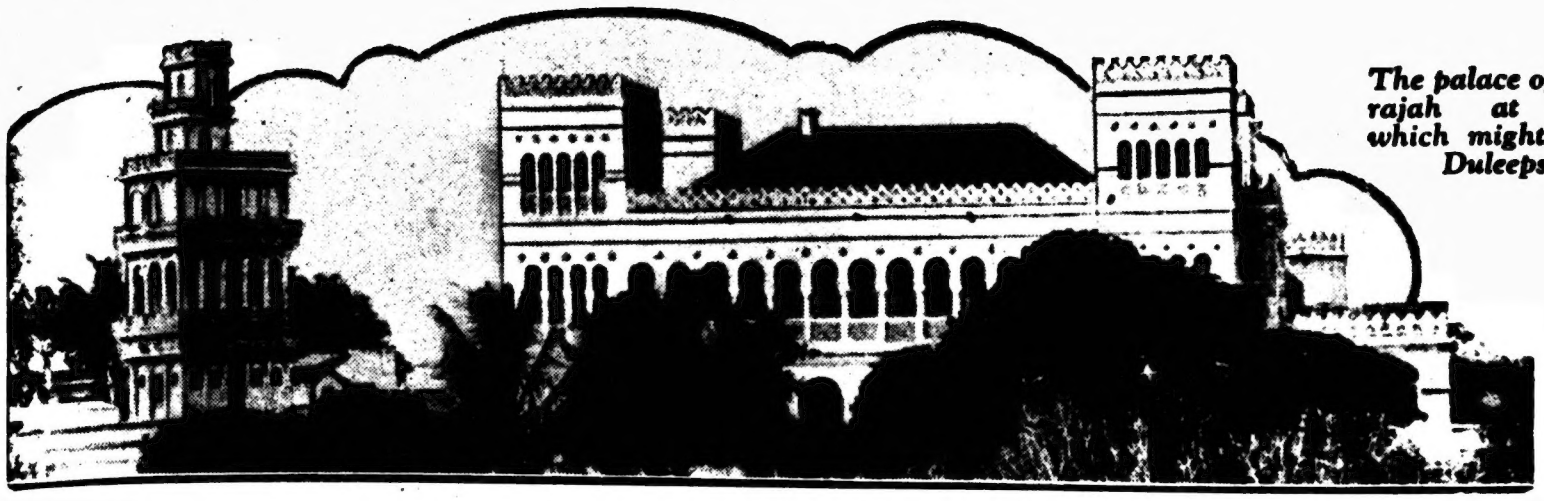
"Ranji's" boots!

At least, he felt a strange tiredness that he had never felt before. Yet he hit the centuries and won matches for his county, whatever the cost.

He grew to love his English home at Staines in those days when he had to take much of his time resting. He loved it the more because it was the gift of his uncle. He loved Jamnagar House—Jamnagar being an alternative name for Nawanagar—almost as he loved cricket. And when he could get an Indian polo team, or cricket team, or any other sporting side from his own country, to come and stay with him there, he was the happiest man on earth.

At last his determination to be well was so far successful that he believed himself that he was fit again. Yes, he told the interviewers, he was really 100 per cent. well again at last.

Yes, he told them a few weeks later, it was true that he had become engaged



The palace of the Maharajah at Jamnagar which might have been Duleepsinhji's

# of Duleepsinhji

to a girl he had adored for some time, an Indian rajah's sister.

And were there not at this time centuries galore to prove his fitness?

When he was twenty-five his play was so consistently brilliant that he was invited to captain Sussex. He had set his heart on that, for "Ranji" had captained that county, too.

Captain of Sussex at twenty-five! Why, "Ranji" himself had been talked of as making history when he became captain of the side at twenty-seven.

On the other hand, "Ranji" had topped the century in his first Test Match; "Duleep" had yet to be chosen for his country.

In June, 1930, his chance came. There was nation-wide approbation when he was chosen to play for England against Australia at Lord's.

He wore "Ranji's" boots in that Test—the boots "Ranji" had had made twenty years before. "Duleep" said it was because they were the best and lightest and most comfortable boots made ever. But there was a whole world of affection behind that little superstition.

But he more than wore his uncle's boots. His was the most dazzling feat of the whole game—173 runs in a single innings, and actually got when the "tail" was batting.

Sick-room battle

This invalid of a couple of years before, the man whom certain people said would never get really better, raced his legs off to keep at the batting end and thus save his weaker colleagues from attack.

In 1931—that weakness again. He felt it just now and then. But he found that by facing it with doggedness, defiance and a smile he could fend it off.

In 1932, when they were all saying it would be an act of supreme folly to send a team to Australia without "Duleep," he felt it again—oftener and worse than in the previous year.

On the day the news was announced that he was first choice for Australia—the first man named in the first list of the chosen—his illness took a turn for the worse, and they rushed him to a bedroom at his home overlooking the lawn that sloped to the river.

The news spread that "Duleep" might not be able to go to Australia. "I am not downright ill," he announced from his sick room.

The reports grew in number and strength. It was nothing, he said. If they would tell him when to sail, he would be there.

We shall never know of the battle of wills that went on in that sick-room before they got him to realise that he couldn't possibly go. What we do know is that "Duleep" insisted to the very end that he was fit. Although he has never since been able to play another game of cricket, even to swing a cricket bat in his hands, he almost convinced the world, as he had convinced himself, that there was nothing wrong with him.

He was sadly ill for the rest of that summer. If he had not still persisted in facing his adversary with doggedness, defiance and a smile, this story might have been different.

At Jamnagar House—"Ranji" congratulates his nephew after his great stand against Australia

Ten-minute messages

Because they refused to accept his resignation of the captaincy of Sussex, he went on captaining them as best he could. All day, whenever his team played, "runners" carried messages as to the state of the game into his room at Jamnagar House.

This man had a bump on the head. The news was carried into "Duleep" at once. That man was making a stand at a critical stage of the game. He asked for ten-minute messages if possible, five-minute if it could be done.

It was partly due to the heartening message he sent the team every day as its captain that it preserved its unbeaten record until August 31, running Yorkshire close for the championship.

And when, on that day, Yorkshire beat them, they scarcely dare tell him. They put off breaking the news until he had had a deep sleep and was in a better condition for hearing it.

Yet how he surprised them when he knew. He told them that cricket would soon be back again, and that he would be in the team by then. And then Sussex would show 'em!

Every day last winter he asked London by telephone from his sanatorium in Switzerland how the English team in Australia was progressing. And every day his condition improved.

He was talking of playing again before this year was out, and so determined was he about it, so certain that he was completely well again, that he might have done so.

But then came the tragic death of "Ranji," and a relapse was in sight.

Everyone believed that "Duleep" would be the new Maharajah. "Ranji" himself had made people believe as much in the old days. As a bachelor, he had the right of choosing his heir, which he was expected to do during the course of a religious ceremony. It was generally stated that he only put off doing this to see how the health of his nephew progressed.

Then, just before the end, the great Indian cricketer handed to his State officials a sealed envelope in which he named his successor.

The name written there was Raj Kumar Digvigaysinhji, the brother of the favourite nephew.

"The doctors say I am not cured," said "Duleep," when he returned to England early this year.

Then: "The doctors say I must give up Jamnagar House," he said brokenly, adding that he was going to look out for a little cottage in Sussex.

Almost at once came relapse, and they took him from his old home in an ambulance—defeated you might say, if you didn't know how much he had achieved and can still achieve by facing illness with doggedness, defiance and a smile.

Where could he have learned that? It goes far back to when he was a little boy of five.

They were days when the late Maharajah was studying all his little relatives to see how they shaped at cricket. His keen eye picked up little flashes in "Duleep's" style that set him dreaming dreams of another Maharajah who would carry on the cricketing tradition of the family.

He taught him all he knew. He got him to play with all the best available players. And always, on those lawns of the old stone palace of Nawanagar—where the natives make silk and perfumes, ceremonial oils and gold embroidery—he dinned into him the lesson that has stood him in such good stead in the greatest fight of his life.

"Bravo, Duleep!"

"Always face your adversary with doggedness, defiance and a smile."

And well—"Duleep" the Dauntless left his sick-bed for his first walk in the open air the other day. And the members of the Virginia Water Country Club where he is living saw on his face that look of doggedness and a smile.

Which means that he is going to get better again, as his doctors now say he will—that next year or the year after he will again be the brilliant young cricketer with the whalebone body and elastic arms we used to delight in watching.

The crowd once more will again shout "Bravo, Duleep"—and they will shout it not only because of his brilliant cricket!

FAIRY STORY (New Style)

VIOLA, aged four, was ill. Ordered complete quiet, which was essential to her recovery, she lay in her mother's bedroom at St. Helens.

Every now and then she called her mother to the foot of the stairs to make some new request. A picture book. A rag doll. Things of which she soon tired.

At last she called a little more excitedly than ever. Could she have scissors and paper to build Fairyland?

She was given a smooth-ended pair with which she could not hurt herself.

But once her mother was out of the room she cut the paper into long strips which she flung on the floor to make a Milky Way. And when it was finished, and the paper had all gone, she lay back dreamily to watch cities grow along it.

Viola thus fell asleep—in Fairyland.

She woke in an inferno of flame.

Her Milky Way had been blown towards the fire that had been lit for her comfort, and the hearthrug, even the bottom of the settee, was alight.

She called her mother again—this time in a shriek. And at the risk of hurting herself, her mother bore her to safety. . . .

They had saved little Viola. That was the main thought in the minds of her parents as they surveyed their ruined furniture after the fire had been extinguished. But still, it was going to cost a lot of money to put things right, and there isn't a lot to spare when there are six children and one of them is ill.

But it all turned out right in the end.

They had insured against such an eventuality as that—and many more besides. Merely by filling up such a coupon as you will find on page 38.

Within very little time they had a cheque for the damage. Viola improved immensely, and was soon strong again.

And so, in the manner of Viola's fairy tales, they talk of it to-day as a story with a happy ending.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir John Ellerman

POOR Little RICH Boy!

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Most of the people in Britain will, I suppose, be envying you. You have just inherited what they say will be £15,000,000.

No one knows what it is. It may be found that your father left nearly £40,000,000. Whatever it is, most of it is to be yours.

I pity you profoundly. You are now a poor little rich boy.

Few people had heard of your existence until a few weeks ago. Most of us thought, indeed, that your father, who rose from obscurity and became the richest man in Britain, was childless. You had never "come into the papers," I mean. You had been brought up quietly. You had never pushed yourself in, anywhere.

And so the great world did not know that, when your father passed on, it was you who would inherit suddenly his great wealth.

A few years ago, in this country, as in most countries in the world, rich men were treated with reverence. Low-bowing homage was paid to them. People raised their hats when they went by. Now, I am afraid, or, rather, I hope, wealth is unfashionable.

You see, the rich people have failed us all so much in recent years.

* * *

I wonder what will become of you now. Much of your time, I am certain, will be spent in dodging the publicity which, unfortunately, still centres around the possessors of great wealth.

Why, within five weeks of your father's death, when you got married, you were not allowed to take to yourself a wife in the ordinary simple way that you could have done two months before.

True, the ceremony was secret, but then you knew that, unless you hid from all but a few close friends where it was to be, the excitement would have been embarrassing.

In spite of that, within a few hours we were all reading how happy you were, which was quite natural, in the circumstances; how you were spending the first part of your honeymoon in a six-roomed cottage which, advertised though it became because of its very modesty, was much more genteel-looking than most of the cottages in the land. In fact, it struck me, when I saw the picture, as a very nice villa of the suburban kind.

"I can understand that there is some interest in our affairs," you said, when the reporters found you, "but I cannot help wishing that there was not. *We just want to be left alone.*"

* * *

Your fate, from now on, is that you never will be left alone. There are all the people who would like to get your money, or at least a part of it. There are the millions who, reading of your wealth, will want to write to you, pointing out how you can help alleviate their poverty. There are all the hospitals who want some, and the thousands of charities of every kind.

Why, just before I began dictating this I saw in a daily paper a very frank criticism of your father because he had left such a small amount to charity. The paper pointed out that the fortune was made out of ships which travelled under the protection of the British flag, their safety guaranteed by British warships and their direction guided by the skill of British seamen. It is very seldom that I read, in a daily newspaper, comment of this kind.

It was pointed out that so rich a man should have bequeathed to seamen's charities something large enough to create security for some of the many dependents of the hard-hit Mercantile Marine.

That criticism directed at your father will, in some way, be turned on you. People will wonder why when, during the war, British merchant seamen, the flower of our race, were facing submarines and peril hourly for very small wages, shipowners made such large fortunes.

All this sort of thing will be remembered by hundreds of thousands when they read of your sudden inheritance of a fortune you have done nothing—for you are only twenty-three—to build up.

I do not see what you can do. You could not refuse to inherit it, even if you gave it all away. That would, in my view, be no solution. It would be a mere palliative.

It would not alter the existing order of Society, which is wrong. The people who profit by it often do so merely by circumstance and not design. I do not blame them. They, and their heirs, are in a cleft stick.

* * *

If you go into politics, your wealth will make you protect your wealth. Of course it will.

If you become a fine sportsman, a brilliant polo player, for instance, people will say it is because you can afford to buy the best ponies. If you hunt big game, people will say, "Oh, any rich man could do that."

If you go into business—well, what is the good of that, for then you would only make more money, which you do not want.

You are not the master of a fortune. You are the slave of it. Unless you possess supernormal powers of perception, you will begin to suspect as fortune-hunters even those who like you for yourself. I know I would, if I were in your position.

You will not make friends. Your wealth will cut you away from what you know beyond doubt is real attachment to your good qualities.

Your wealth is a prison. Your wealth is a castle in which you will have to live an almost solitary life. I am sure you know this.

If it had been only half a million, it would not matter so much. Or, perhaps, if it had been one million, perhaps, or two millions. . . . But *fifteen!*

By the way, is £15,000,000 fifteen times £1,000,000? I do not know. Nor do you. Those noughts at the end do not mean anything to anybody.

Still, the burden is yours. Yours is the responsibility. I know you will do the best you can.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HUGH HALL,
Oxford

DEAR SIR HUGH,—A young lad was charged before you with attempted suicide. Kindly you persuaded him to tell his story.

He had never had a job. He could not get into the Army. Thoroughly dispirited, he became desperate.

And the sentence? You invited him to your home for tea and a chat, and sent him out to a new start in life convinced that he would never trouble you again. That was a real man's act.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE BENNETT,
Westcliff-on-Sea

DEAR GEORGE,—Have you never heard the saying, "There's no fool like an old fool"? At the age of seventy-seven and after fifty-four years of married life, you have turned your aged wife out of doors and taken in another woman and her children.

A separation order has been made against you, but I should be more pleased if you finished your remaining years as you should—with your wife.

JOHN BULL.

Miss CYNTHIA PHILLIPS,
Sutton Scotney, Hampshire

DEAR CYNTHIA,—"I'm all right; save the men!" you cried when a boat came to your assistance after your yacht had capsized in a rough sea.

You went on swimming to a ship nearly a mile away; had you not refused assistance the boat would have been too late to rescue a young man named Richardson who had been supporting your third companion for over an hour.

Unfortunately, the third man lost his life, but the coroner's remark that you young people acted with great pluck will be endorsed by the whole public.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES MEARS,
Brighton

DEAR MR. MEARS,—When you left work to go home for dinner you found your usual penny tram fare costing sixpence because it was a race day. And the Brighton Corporation, like many other councils, was indulging in a little profiteering at the expense of racegoers.

You insisted on paying your usual penny, and as a result have been fined £1, with £2 costs.

You may not have been discreet in your method of protest. But on the basis of what you had to pay the Brighton Corporation should be fined a far bigger amount. JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. F. SIDNELL,
Mayor of Sudbury, Suffolk

YOUR WORSHIP,—You were too jealous of your dignity when you refused to hear a trivial summons against a cyclist because he appeared in court without a coat.

On the same sweltering day a Berkshire coroner invited his jury to remove their coats.

He was a wise man!

JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. L. H. HARVEY,
Rural Dean of Sutton Coldfield

REVEREND SIR,—That was an important home-truth you told your fellow-Churchmen the other day.

You said that if a woman who, after being wronged by a worthless husband, is considered morally guilty should she seek divorce and marry again, you do not wonder why high-minded people hesitate to accept the Christian judgment on any moral question.

The sooner the Church realises that, the sooner will it regain much of the public's confidence it has lost.

JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF HEALTH: Bristol protests against men having to work three days for 2s. 6d. relief. Not only Bristol, but whole country!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARCHIBALD FARROW,
Ipswich

DEAR SIR,—Many people are apt to describe a presentiment as a touch of nerves, but you never will.

For when starting on a day's run in a car with your wife, you told her you had a feeling that your shop would be ransacked in your absence. And so it was.

But you had taken the precaution of packing £300 into your pocket, and the thieves' haul was only a copper or two. You must have been born under a lucky star! JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. C. STRANGE,
Chairman, Eastbourne Bench

DEAR SIR,—I am as sorry as you for the man who has been workless for eighteen months and cannot get a job because people say he has been in prison.

You said his imprisonment nine years ago was not for wrong-doing, but for civil debt, and that he was a hardworking man, and you hoped the gossips would leave him alone.

But had I been on the Bench I should have told him how to deal with such mean slanderers.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. BINNS,
Manchester City Bench

DEAR ALDERMAN,—The colossal impudence of Manchester's public assistance committee amply warranted your rebuke.

It prosecuted a man for the maintenance of his grandson as the boy's father was unable to work owing to illness.

I am glad you dismissed the case, for otherwise they might have started to prosecute great-aunts and second cousins.

JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH T. GREEN,
Rossington, near Doncaster

GREEN,—I am amazed that you, a lad of eighteen, should charge your father with the alleged theft of a few cigarettes.

I do not know if the case arose from a family dispute, but I am glad that the magistrates dismissed it and had some hard words to say about your conduct.

I know what I should do if I were your father. JOHN BULL.

FRANCIS JAMES ABBOTT,
Ashton-on-Mersey, Lancs

FOOL,—Taking a six-chambered revolver from the house of a doctor friend, you went to a local hotel and pointed it at a waiter "for a lark."

Think yourself lucky that the joke cost you only £2 in fines.

Above all, thank your lucky stars that the waiter was not a person with a weak heart—or a good boxer.

JOHN BULL.

No Truck with Dictators

Mr. Henderson's presence "will strengthen the Opposition with wisdom and the authority of wide experience"

by **A. G. GARDINER**

THE return of Mr. Arthur Henderson to the House of Commons is the most important personal change that has taken place in the present Parliament. And this for several reasons. First, the merely personal reason.

Mr. Henderson is not a showy person. He is neither a rhetorician nor a demagogue. He is acute, but not artful. What he says he means and what he means he will stand to. He never gets rattled and his strong common sense and firmness of judgment made him the best Foreign Minister this country has had since the war.

His experience as president of the Disarmament Conference has given him a unique position among world statesmen and has familiarised him with the most difficult problem the world has to solve. The reappearance of such a man in Parliament should be a matter for general congratulation.

It is the more to be welcomed because it will strengthen the forces of the Opposition, not with mere oratory, but with wisdom and the authority of wide experience.

Welcome back!

His Majesty's Opposition is as important a part of the Parliamentary system as His Majesty's Government, and the tragedy of the last election was that it returned a House of Commons without an effective Opposition. It would be absurd to suggest that Mr. Henderson's return seriously adjusts the balance; but so far as one man can correct it he is exceptionally fitted for the task.

And there is another point which makes his presence desirable, not from a Party but a public point of view. Sooner or later—probably sooner than seems at the moment likely — this country will need a new Government. What is the alternative to the present? There must be an alternative if the democratic principle of choice is to be exercised.

There is only one alternative. For good or evil, the Liberal Party is out of the running. If and when the present Government is displaced, it will be displaced by a Labour Government, and before that happens the country will need to know what the election of a Labour Government means. And it is because Mr. Henderson is exceptionally qualified to throw light on this question that his return to the Parliamentary arena is welcome. The question has become a burning one within the Labour Party itself, owing to the challenge which Sir Stafford Cripps and the Socialist League have thrown down to the leaders and organised opinion of the Party.

They have formulated a policy which aims at effecting a Socialist revolution at a single blow.

One election is to do the trick. Given a Labour victory at the polls, the new Government will accomplish the revolution out of hand. The House of Lords, says Sir Stafford, will be abolished "at the first sign of obstruction," and the House of Commons will be enabled to pass in one day a Bill "wide enough in its terms to allow all that will be immediately necessary *to be done by Ministerial Orders* . . . incapable of challenge in the Courts or in any way except in the House of Commons."

Only one Bill a year will be necessary, and the Government will do the rest by Ministerial decrees "submitted formally to Parliament for approval." Armed with these powers, the Socialist Cabinet will act as swiftly and autocratically as Mussolini acts in Italy or Hitler in Germany or Stalin in Russia.

Parliament will become a mere register of the Cabinet's decrees, the Courts will be put out of action, and the Crown will be as subservient as it is in Italy. Industry will be taken over by the State and a great social revolution will be accomplished, so to speak, "while you wait."

Election upheaval

That this will involve drastic interference with liberty Mr. G. D. H. Cole, one of the authors of the scheme, frankly admits. But as Mr. Wise, another of the authors, reminds us in the true Russian spirit, "freedom of speech and freedom of the Press are no more eternal verities than Free Trade."

It is denied that this is dictatorship, because a decision of the electorate will precede and give a mandate for the revolution. But in the same way Hitler was established in power by an election, and to-day the German Parliament counts for about as much as a parish council. And Parliament under the Stafford Cripps scheme would count for little more.

That is the issue before the Labour Party, and it is not surprising that the older and more experienced heads of the Party are alarmed at the attempt to stampede them into a revolutionary channel, and that Mr. Clynes, in speaking for Mr. Henderson at Clay Cross, made an impressive appeal to the Party to stand by Parliamentary government.

This does not mean that men like Mr. Clynes, Mr. Citrine or Mr. Herbert Morrison are less sincere Socialists than Sir Stafford Cripps or Mr. Cole. It means that they know the peril of the disruption of the Parliamentary system and that the serious menace of a Socialist revolution on the one side would raise the serious menace of a Fascist revolution on the other.

That is the history of Italy, of Bavaria, of Hungary. It was the Communist rising in Italy that paved the way for Mussolini. It was the Communist rising in Bavaria that paved the way for Hitlerism. It was the Communist rising in Hungary that paved the way for Horthy.

Fine point

I have no doubt that Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues of the Socialist League sincerely believe that their Socialist revolution by decree is not the same as revolution by dictatorship.

The point is that if there is a difference the public will not see it, or, seeing it, will not believe that the one can stop short of the other. And if the Labour Party should be committed to the Stafford Cripps plan of campaign all the forces in the country which are opposed to revolution and believe in Parliamentary government would be mobilised against Labour.

And I do not think it can be doubted that those forces represent the preponderance of the nation.

Mr. Herbert Morrison recently reminded his Party that it must convert not only the manual working class, but "both the rural population and the so-called middle class." It will not convert those classes by, in the language of the *Manchester Guardian*, disrupting the Parliamentary system "for the purpose of equipping a small Socialist Cabinet with absolute power to act on the principle of 'the class basis of government.'"

Labour's chance

If this country is to be kept out of the maelstrom of Communism and Fascism that has engulfed the Continent it is the Labour Party more than any other power that can do it. I believe it will do it by standing loyally by Parliamentary government.

For this reason I rejoice at the line taken by the General Council of the T.U.C. and the return of Mr. Henderson to Westminster.

HAPPINESS FOUND

"I've had everything I wanted from life!" How many human beings have been able to make this enviable claim? Yet here is a little girl who has found supreme happiness.

"All of my dreams have come true," says Sylvia Sidney, in an article in the September 9 *Picturegoer*, out to-day.

Sylvia Sidney's real-life narrative in *The Picturegoer* is more thrilling than her recent sensational "walk-out" on the new Chevalier picture. Get and enjoy it to-day.

Not from the B.B.C.—Herr Paul Stein, the Film Director, on

How to be a He-Man

COME, shed a tear for Herr Paul Stein,
Yes, shed a tear for me;
A he-man for a film of mine
I seek but cannot see
The sort of guy all tanned and tough,
With manners raw and features rough,
To ladle out the Cave Man stuff.

I want the kind of bloke who grasps
A maiden by the hair
To hoist her to his horse, then clasps
Her to his chest, and there-
By makes adoring flappers pine,
And murmur: "Oh, that he were mine!"
This is the lad for Herr Paul Stein!

What is the matter with England that I cannot find the film hero my heart desires? And what could be more pathetic than a Herr who lacks a he-man?

How is it that in the land that has for its national symbol the figure of John Bull I find only mild, well-graced actors, who, as I tell your reporters, are "too refined" and "have B.B.C. voices"?

* * *

Can it be that the British lion has become a lamb and that the waves which Britain once boasted of ruling are now only wireless waves?

They tell me that Victor MacLaglen, one of the huskiest guys in Hollywood, is of British birth; but it looks to me as if the race of steel-jawed girl-grabbers and manly muscle-mongers became extinct when Victor went off to earn his price in "What Price Glory?"

Mind you, I do not say that your country is decadent. One has only to look at your brave girl hikers and your hefty female players of hockey and tennis to see that this is not so. But of what use are he-girls to a film director who is searching for a he-man?

* * *

I fancy that my inability to find my pachydermatous paragon is due to the widely-prevalent notion that he-men are born, not made. Believe me, this is an error, as those of us who have watched the manufacture of he-men on the Spree can testify.

Anybody who knew the Junker in the days of his glory or has seen Fritz, the bank clerk, or Hans of the haberdashery department changed overnight from a bespectacled, sausage-eating suburbanite to a brown-shirted, fire-eating Jew-baiter will agree with me that the art of being a Real Tough Guy is one which can be acquired by the most unlikely persons.

It's simply a matter of skill:
Each actor should be a creator;
Each can, if he works with a will,
Be strong as the strongest Dictator.
The jaw of the Duce or the frown
Of a Hitler—what are they? The fact is
They're things any hard-working clown
Could quickly develop with practice.

In front of a mirror each morn
Work hard at improving your acting;
Crack nuts with your jaw and shoot scorn
From your eyes, while your eyebrows contracting;
Be careful when brushing your hair
To leave a stray strand on your forehead,
Then rumple your eyebrows and stare
In the glass in a manner quite horrid.

* * *

If all sense of humour you lack
And cultivate swank fit for three men,
You'll very soon master the knack
Of strutting about like the he-men;
Then your choice you'll be free to assert:
In the films you can thrill all the ladies,
Or, donning some new sort of shirt,
As Dictator proceed to raise Hades!

You Need

"I Can't Stand any More Suffering"

—"There's No Need To—Just Take a Couple of These Yeast-Vite Tablets"

Yeast-Vite®

Brand Tablets

It's *glorious* to take two "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and feel the surge of New Life and Buoyancy pervade your body.

It's *wonderful* to find that in only a few minutes the maddening pain of a Throbbing Headache has disappeared entirely.

It's *marvellous* to discover a New Hope, New Strength, New Will-to-Win instead of the black Hopelessness of Suffering and Depression.

It's *exhilarating* to feel all that Heaviness, Listlessness, Nerviness and Lack of Vitality changed to a Joyous Freshness, Vivacity and Pulsating Vigour.

All these manifold benefits come from Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets, for Yeast-Vite supplies your body with elements of Health, Strength, Energy, Pain-Freedom and Physical Harmony.

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE

"I Feel Like A New Woman Already!"

"I Told You Yeast-Vite Would Make You Better!"

Yeast-Vite cannot help but do you good for each and every Tablet is an accurate scientific combination of—

(1) **PURE MEDICINAL YEAST** —Nature's Energiser, Blood Purifier, Nerve Nutrient, and Digestive stimulant.

(2) **VITAMINS** — those mysterious atoms without which health and strength is absolutely impossible.

(3) **OTHER VALUABLE TONIC AND RECUPERATIVE ELEMENTS** as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

Every part of the body feels the benefit of Yeast-Vite's Reinvigorating, Relieving and Reviving **POWER!** Blood, Brain, Nerves, Stomach — all participate in the new fund of Glorious Fitness.

And however long you may have been in Pain, however upset your Nerves or Stomach may be, however Sluggish, Deranged or Strengthless your system, "Yeast-Vite" begins to **benefit you from the very first dose.**

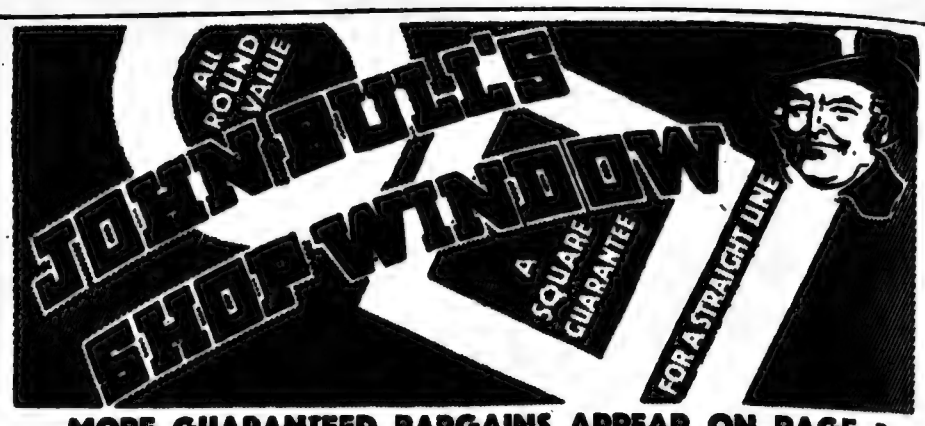
Yeast-Vite Relieves

NERVE PAINS	In 5-15 MINS
HEADACHES	In 5-15 MINS
LASSITUDE	In 10-20 MINS
DEPRESSION	In 10-20 MINS
"NERVES"	In 10-20 MINS
INDIGESTION	In 15-30 MINS
EXHAUSTION	In 15-30 MINS
SLEEPLESSNESS	In 30-60 MINS
RHEUMATISM	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and you money will be refunded.

Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

BABY-CLOTHES

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

(Beautifully home-made and ready for use)

75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, Flannelette Nightdresses, Wrap-over Vests, Bunting Bags, Flannels, Hose, Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binder, Turkish Bags, etc.

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms).

FROM THIS WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS: "No wonder I have heard such praise of your Baby-Clothes. The layette just received is really wonderful. Many thanks for bargain."

Mrs. J. B. Howard, 96, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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This is the latest invention of Mr. W. Blunden, L.S.M., A.M.A., etc., the World's Rupture Expert. It is the lightest yet strongest support ever invented. Can be adjusted for both mild and very severe cases. No metal part can come in contact with the body. Ideal for Summer or Winter. You can test it before you pay.

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FREE RUG BOOK OF 50 DESIGNS Samples of Wool, etc. to

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6ft.	10ft.	15/-	Cash with Order
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10ft.	18ft.	28/-	
12ft.	22ft.	34/-	
14ft.	26ft.	40/-	
16ft.	30ft.	46/-	

Also made in intermediate sizes.

Ladder-Cart or Truck £4-10-0.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. Carriage paid stations England, Scotland and Wales, ports N. of Ireland and I.O.M.

R. D. MILLES LTD., Brassnose Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

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There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent to any sufferer, without charge or obligation. Write at once in confidence to:—

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B. 100), 40, LAMB CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

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30 CASH CARR PD FROM 2/6

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2. 1.0	or 3/6 Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2.18.0	or 5/1 Monthly.
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Carr. paid. **Send for Special Catalogue No. 66** of Sheds 30/-, Garages 70/-, Army Huts, etc. Many reductions. 1,000 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 66) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

GUARANTEED!

1 White Woolly Blanket 90×70
1 Good Strong Blanket 90×70
2 White Pillow Slips 30×18
1 White Bolster Case 45×30
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Cretonne Cushion Cover 22×22
1 Dainty Handkerchief
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CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

A LOVELY WASHED DOWN **QUILT FREE** also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth

PATON MILL Co., Dept. S.B., 70-72, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

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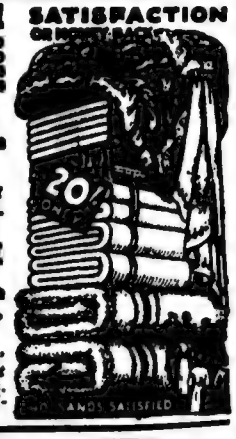

GREAT OFFER: *Ladies' Lightweight Macs, latest belted style. 36 in. to 48 in. length. Grey or fawn 5/- each. Carriage paid.*

52 BILLIARD TABLES GIVEN AWAY

Write for details. E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs

Mysterious Health Society:

STRANGE FACTS

ONE of the most interesting items in my postbag this week is a batch of literature relating to the British Biochemic (Therapeutic) Association, the headquarters of which are at 11, Cavendish Place, London.

This Association, I note, is bent upon practising the system of therapeutics known as Biochemistry, said to have been discovered in 1821 by Dr. Wilhelm Heinrich Schuessler, of Zwischenaln.

The notepaper used at headquarters gives the name of C. J. Innes-Baillie, M.A., M.D., D.C.L., A.E.C., Med., Order of St. Stanislaus, as the President of the Association.

A circular issued from headquarters makes no mention of these officials, but states that a Dr. Harold Guest, M.B.B.A., F.F.Sc., will receive patients by appointment and that literature on home treatment can be supplied by Henry Gilbert, D.Bio.Ch., "the well-known Biochemic Practitioner."

From the literature sent out by this Association I see that great stress is laid on the suggestion that even the most serious of diseases can be effectively dealt with by means of "Home Treatment."

This treatment consists of the patient taking biochemic salts which can be bought from biochemic practitioners. It is stated that remarkable successes have been achieved.

"Biochemic salts, far from being foods, are the most potent remedies known," says the circular. "It is claimed, and can be proved, that diseases formerly considered incurable, such as cancer, leucocythemia, and forms of insanity, will yield to biochemic treatment."

This stupendous statement to treat successfully such terrible diseases as those mentioned, which have baffled the finest brains in the medical profession, is typical of the claims of this remarkable Association.

During the past few months meetings have been held in various parts of the country under the auspices of the British Biochemic Association, where the advantages of Biochemic Therapy were loudly proclaimed.

"Examples of almost miraculous healings," I find, were announced at a recent meeting, at which a silver collection was made to further the work of curing the sick.

Pills and pellets

At another meeting one of the speakers declared that the King's recovery from his serious illness of a few years ago was due to biochemic treatment.

"They all knew," said the speaker at this meeting, "the marvellous effect the treatment had, and those interested in biochemistry preparations were delighted with the quick results in restoring His Majesty to health again."

Various remedies are offered to sufferers. A carton of "tissue remedies," containing 170 pellets, "normally sufficient for 19 days," is offered for 1s. 3d.

A phial of "Dr. Gilbert's Potencia Pellets," including 43 prescriptions, costs 2s. For 2s. 6d. patients are offered "Remedies supplying Biotic Substances," including 70 prescriptions. Then there are "S.P.X. pills" at 3s. and 5s., and a variety of other specifics at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.

Dr. Gilbert's various books are published at the nett prices of 1s., 2s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

His present sphere of activity is the provinces, apparently, and his main centre is at Swingate, Grantham.

One of his booklets is before me at the moment, and from it I gather that he is a most staunch advocate of biochemic treatment, which, he declares, may win immunity from such diseases as smallpox, influenza and scarlet fever.

"We believe," writes Gilbert in this little publication, "that if these remedies were in the hands of all, insanity and such unnatural occurrences as suicide, etc., would soon be things of the past."

Now all these claims are so arresting that they cannot be lightly dismissed, but it seems a pity to me that, while the varied literature volunteers so much information about treatment and cures, it really divulges little about the British Biochemic (Therapeutic) Association itself.

And there are certain things which I think the public ought to know.

When one of my representatives recently called at the Association's headquarters at 11, Cavendish Place, his effort to learn more of its wonderful work was disappointing.

No one in

He was received by a woman, who declared that there was no one of the Association there, and all he could gather was the vague assertion that "somebody" *might* be there in a day or two!

Baulked in this direction, my representative took the trouble of journeying across London to an address at the Grove, Wandsworth, which he had ascertained was a "sort of branch" of the association.

He found it to be a private house.

Again he was received by a woman, who admitted that "Dr Gilbert" sometimes used the address, but was not there now. She could not say when he would be there, and all she could do was to refer the inquirer back to "headquarters"!

In these circumstances my representative was obliged to turn elsewhere for information, and his search led him to official sources.

The result was he discovered that the British Biochemic (Therapeutic) Association is nothing more than a 5s. "Business" name, registered "to provide a central organisation for practising Biochemists" in June, 1931.

But here the mystery deepens, for I note that the names of its registered proprietors are different from those which appear on the Association's literature. I pass this information on to the Registrar for appropriate enquiry.

Finally, an exhaustive search of the Medical Directory fails to reveal any mention of the various doctors whose names figure so prominently in the Association's printed matter.

In all these circumstances I strongly urge all sufferers to demand definite details about this Association and the qualifications of its practitioners before parting with fees or submitting to treatment.

The house at 11, Cavendish Place, London, where the British Biochemic Association has its headquarters.

Victimised MOTHERS

WORKING-CLASS mothers should beware of the many self-styled "Birth-Control Specialists" who are springing up like mushrooms in many districts in London and the provinces.

These "specialists" are engaged in a fee-snatching ramp which vitally affects mothers in the poorer districts of the large industrial towns, who are being victimised in their thousands.

A small shop is usually opened as a "consulting room," and a fee of 1s. or 2s. is invariably charged to working-class mothers, who are invited to come inside for advice.

In some instances which have been brought to our notice worthless herbal remedies are sold at exorbitant prices.

One of the most recent recruits to the growing number of "specialists" is a "Nurse Gordon," who has established a consulting room at a shop in Edgware Road, W.

The shop-window at these premises, which contains a few pairs of silk stockings and an appeal to "Working-Class Mothers," is not particularly inspiring.

However, they are urged to go inside and consult "Nurse Gordon" for a modest fee of 1s. 6d., and there is little doubt that many have paid for this doubtful privilege.

"Nurse Gordon" may have excellent credentials which give her the right to establish herself as a birth-control specialist, but she makes no mention of them on her professional cards which are displayed in the shop-window of her consulting room.

It is only necessary to point out to working-class mothers that in most districts there are birth-control clinics established by responsible people who give advice entirely free of charge.

So-called "specialists" who demand fees from harassed mothers should be avoided

LET'S All LIVE!

The Human Machine

A FAMOUS old Roman writer once said: "I have lived and finished the course which Fortune gave me. If God grant us to-morrow, let us receive it joyfully. That man is most truly happy, and complete master of himself, who awaits the morrow without anxiety. Whoever has said: 'I have lived,' rises daily to live profitably."

There is as much profound truth in those words to-day as when they were uttered more than 2,000 years ago, for they emphasise the true view of life—which is not length of years but quantity of action and feeling.

Life is not really measured by the number of years we have lived. Our lives are measured by what we do in them, and what we feel in them. The more useful work we do, the more we think, the more we feel, by so much the more do we really live.

And those are wisest who live out each day as it comes, complete each job as it turns up, and fulfil each duty as it arises without worrying about what is coming next.

But though we should do it all without worrying, that does not mean we should not think and plan ahead; for indeed the more we think and plan, the more we shall be able to "await the morrow without anxiety"; for proper thought and planning will enable us to forestall error and difficulty.

But worry—well, no one can say at the end of a day "I have lived" if part of that day has been spent in worry; for worrying uses up mental energy that should have gone in creation, diverts enthusiasm, saps courage and creates hosts of fears.

The Chinese have a proverb that sums it all up very neatly: "The legs of the stork are long. The legs of the duck are short. You cannot make the legs of the stork short. You cannot make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?"

for HEALTH
ENERGY AND
FREE.—100 PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. If you will also send us the name of your dealer and state how you are at present feeding your dog, we will send you a fine new series of CLASSIC TRIBUTES, with beautiful coloured illustrations of dogs.
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give him
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and give him fitness

PROFESSOR GOUGH-GREEN
(Famous explorer and excavator) WRITES:-

"When carrying out any strenuous excavating work, I find a pipe of 'Digger' very soothing"

PLAYER'S
DIGGER 8D
PER OZ
FLAKE

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No need to scrub the lavatory-pan—keep it clean and sanitary by a regular sprinkle of

HARPIC

HARPIC, by itself, does all that is necessary for the care of the lavatory-pan.

It thoroughly cleanses the pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus *removes the cause* of odours. It destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic. Don't use dangerous acids—use Harpic.

In 6d., 1/- and 1/9 tins

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

TWO COMPETITORS SHARE FIRST PRIZE IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 226.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent :—

A. BOND, 62, Smeaton Street, Liverpool.
A. G. BUCKLAND, 7, Bailey Road, Cowley, Oxford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 30 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £5 :—

Bird, G. S., 9, Camp Terrace, North Shields ; Bowman, G., 55, Tunstall St., Liverpool ; Cary, N., 2, Spearmint Cotts., Durrington, Wilts ; Cosham, Mrs. J. E., 145, Sydenham Rd., London, S.E.26 ; Curtis, Jnr., T., Corne Abbas, Nr. Dorchester ; Dore, E. T., 18, High St., Sherston, Swindon ; Drew, G., St. Olave's Cottage, Fritwell, Bicester, Oxon ; Eggleton, Miss A., 51, Elvendon Rd., Bowes Park, N.13 ; Evans, R. G., Helmsdale, Chorley Wood, Herts ; Farrow, J. F., 16, First Avenue, Walton-on-Naze ; Feltard, T., 9, Brookfield Rd., Kilmainham, Dublin ; Gall, E. G., 26, Wright St., Stafford ; Gill, J., New Barn, Langton-Herring, Weymouth ; Goode, Mrs. M., 6, Kenilworth Gdns., Bowes Kings, Essex ; Goodman, L., 4, Ramsoth Rd., Walsoken, Wisbech ; Green, G., 52, Brook St., Hull ; Hudson, W., 42, Baldry Gdns., Streatham, S.W.16 ; Johnson, J., 72, Ewesley Rd., Sunderland ; Johnson, W., 7th, Elden Rd., Eastwood, Rotherham ; Lovelock, Miss E., 45, Lea Rd., Walney, Chas. ; Lynch, J., Shamarane, Dunmanway, Co. Cork ; Mackie, H., 5, Grundy St., Alfreton Rd., Nottingham ; Matthews, G., 56, Gosterwood St., Deptford, S.E.8 ; Randall, M/s A., 118, Lowmoor Rd., East Kirkby, Notts ; Smart, M/s D., 4, Gordon St., Castleford, Yorks ; Smith, J., West Bradford, Nr. Clitheroe, Lancs ; Snelson, S., 23, Elm Avenue, Grimsby ; Spencer, J. T., 2, Pearl St., Barnsley ; Wood, Mrs. S., 9, Wykeham St., Scarborough ; Wright, W. H., 38, Gordon Ave., Harvey Lane, Norwich.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 226 : Sixteen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £6 5s. 6d. will be despatched accordingly.

Another greatly increased X-Word with a new three-in-one Prize Offer appears on Page 36. Try your skill now !

BARRISTER'S Queer School for Women

EVERY big problem breeds its opportunists, and unemployment is certainly no exception. Our attention is being called repeatedly to various schemes, that, though ostensibly designed to assist men and women to obtain work, really serve as cloaks for fee-snatching.

So prevalent has this scandal become that it is time the law was amended to make it impossible for enterprising individuals to set themselves up without proper organisation as specialists in training men and women for trades or professions.

For some time now we have had our eye upon one avowed "expert," who, from offices in the Western Central district of London, has been actively offering to prepare pupils for secretarial and other work.

Many people who have paid fees for the supposed benefit of his personal instruction and guidance are now sadly disillusioned. A large proportion of his clients are young women, and a survey of his activities provides conclusive evidence that the whole question demands the attention of the Ministry of Labour.

What justification?

He is Mr. Thomas Alfred Herbert, and, while his chief asset is that he can claim to be a barrister-at-law, his business enterprises have, so far, been conducted in a manner which members of his distinguished profession will be the first to condemn.

Indeed, some of his activities resulted in complaints being lodged with the police, and with the Public Control Department of the London County Council.

He likes to describe himself as "The Employee's Advocate," though what justification he has for so doing is difficult to determine in the light of the undermentioned facts.

Not long ago he set himself up in an office in Chancery Lane, London, which he called "The General Secretariat."

Then he proceeded to advertise his readiness to provide pupils with secretarial training.

Obtaining a licence from the London County Council to conduct an employment agency as well, he intimated to intending pupils that he was in a position to find definite and permanent work for them at the end of their training with firms in different departments of commerce.

At the outset everything appeared to be perfectly in order. He certainly provided training of sorts, but, whatever its value, he failed dismally when it came to helping his graduates to promised employment.

Story-telling

To-day there are scores of disillusioned people who have parted with fees ranging from 2s. 6d. to £5 5s., without deriving any real benefit.

One young woman, who was anxious to earn her own living, was greatly attracted by his advertisements, and eventually called at his office for an interview.

Mr. Herbert unfolded to her the various details about his school of training, and she later discovered from his literature that, among other achievements, he claimed authorship of two volumes entitled "Informal Law Talks" and "Unique War Stories."

It also appeared that he shortly intended to publish a monthly journal devoted to tax reduction, law reform and all rational plans for reducing unemployment.

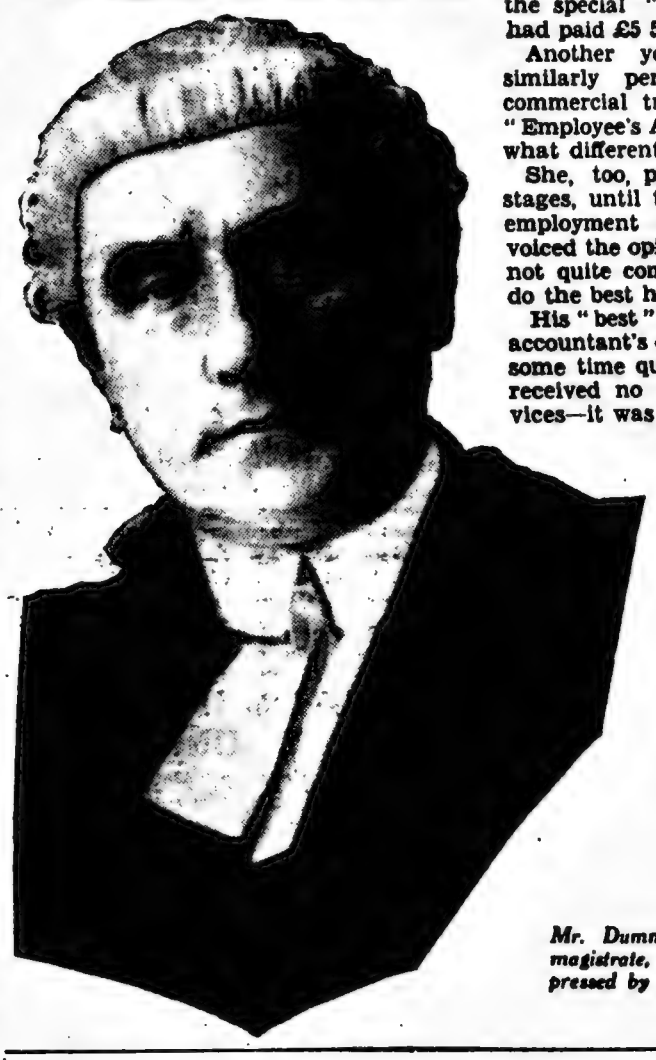
In return for a fee of five guineas he undertook to provide personal and postal training in general secretarial work, and he further gave her a written guarantee to the effect that the training should be for three or six months until she was placed in a suitable permanent position.

The specified time passed, but, when the pupil asked for this promise to be fulfilled, she was unable to obtain reasonable satisfaction.

In due course she made the discovery that a number of other young women, who had already parted with fees for training—or to obtain jobs without training—at "The General Secretariat" office, were still without employment.

She realised that the written assurance that had been given her, suggesting that Mr. Herbert would personally find her work, was quite valueless.

In the end he offered an alternative proposal of a most ridiculous nature. It was suggested that she should type out a number of letters of application, of which he provided a specimen. Having done so, she was advised to go round the various business centres of London and make notes of the names and addresses of big business firms to whom these letters of application might be sent!



Mr. Dummett, the Bow Street magistrate. He was quite unimpressed by Mr. Herbert's eloquent appeal

Needless to say, such a mission was absolutely futile, and she could easily have done as much for herself without the special "training" for which she had paid £5 5s.

Another young woman, who was similarly persuaded to entrust her commercial training to the self-styled "Employee's Advocate," has had a somewhat different experience, though.

She, too, passed through the same stages, until the question of her future employment arose. Mr. Herbert then voiced the opinion that her training was not quite complete, but he promised to do the best he could for her.

His "best" was to find her a job in an accountant's office, where she worked for some time quite satisfactorily. But she received no remuneration for her services—it was Mr. Herbert's idea to send her there to "complete her training."

Quite apart from those who have paid fees on a heavier scale, there are the complaints, to which we have already referred, from numerous women who have paid "registration fees" of half-a-crown for posts which have never materialised.

When the London County Council authorities recently investigated cases which had reached them some extraordinary revelations resulted. It was found, for instance, that out of more than 100 known cases where pupils had parted with fees in the way we have described, this precious "Employee's Advocate" had been successful in placing only one client in work!

So, very properly, Mr. Herbert was summoned before the L.C.C. and, after a thorough enquiry, his employment agency licence was revoked.

The "Employee's Advocate," in spite of his avowed interest in law reform, waxed very indignant.

"I shall take the matter to other sources," he declared.

Rejected appeal

But his chagrin at the decision to revoke his licence is understandable, for it means, in effect, that he is officially considered an unsuitable person to hold a licence; that his agency was improperly conducted, and that the women who had paid him fees for his supposed services had received no real benefit.

While the loss of this licence will certainly curb his employment-agency activities, he is still free to obtain fees for training.

A few days ago Mr. Herbert appeared before the magistrate at Bow Street Police Court to appeal against the L.C.C. decision.

But all his eloquence had no effect on the magistrate, and his appeal failed as it deserved to fail.

In the course of our enquiries we have lighted upon another avenue of Mr. Herbert's strange activities.

This is the sale of worthless qualifications in an unrecognised accountancy organisation, and the running of competitions, for unique stories of the war, respecting which there is an entrance fee of sixpence.

He also advertises his willingness to revise manuscripts, and to undertake criticisms!

All things considered, this very unorthodox barrister and "Employee's Advocate" is best left severely alone.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS at TOOTING

THERE is a mystery restaurant in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, which may or may not open its doors to good business at an early date.

Knightsbridge is a long way from Tooting, but it appears that there is a queer connection between a modest two-storey house in Aldren Road, Tooting, and the restaurant in Beauchamp Place.

Recently the following advertisement appeared in a London evening newspaper:—

> Lady required to assist in the management of Health Food restaurant in Brompton Road; business taught; salary £5 a week. £450 required; fully secured; references exchanged.—22, Aldren Road, S.W.17. Sloane 7304.

A caller at the Tooting address seeking information about the restaurant which was advertised for sale, was referred to the Sloane telephone number.

Eventually it was discovered that the Health Food restaurant was in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, and an interview was arranged by telephone with a woman who was in charge of the premises.

The restaurant, at first glance, did not inspire confidence. It was small and was obviously not open for business. A notice, prominently displayed, stated that the establishment would be re-opened shortly "under new management."

When enquiries were made a few days ago, a Mrs. Clark was in charge of the empty restaurant. She was eloquent about the profits which could be made in the proposed business.

The promise of a £5 a week salary was dangled before the enquirer, who was to invest £450 in the restaurant for the privilege of assisting in the management.

When Mrs. Clark was asked why she used a Tooting address in advertising for a partner, she replied airily that it was convenient.

It is, of course, unfortunate that the premises in Beauchamp Place, which Mrs. Clark intends to open as a restaurant, were, until recently, the business of a man, who, strangely enough, was a Mr. George Clark.

He was sentenced at the Old Bailey a few weeks ago to twenty months' imprisonment with hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences.

His method was to open up florists' shops in the West End, and he obtained sums of as much as £350 from investors, chiefly women, who were appointed to manage these shops. In four months he thus obtained no less than £1,600 from his dupes.

The premises in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, were originally opened by Clark as a florist's shop. Later he turned it into a vegetarian restaurant, and before he went to jail he obtained £250 from a young woman, who was installed as manageress.

All she got for her investment was £10 in wages, and then the business crashed.

Altogether there is a strange atmosphere about the proposed Health Food restaurant in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge.

Now Mrs. Clark appears on the scene, and with greater ambition is seeking someone who can be persuaded to invest £450 in re-opening the self-same establishment as a restaurant. She apparently hopes to succeed where Mr. George Clark failed.

There have been many replies to her advertisement, but we hope that intending investors will think twice before they pay hard cash for an interest in this restaurant which has yet to open its doors

THREE *LIVING* TRIBUTES

to Shadforth Prescriptions

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

THESE three tributes are picked at random from the many hundreds of grateful letters which Mr. Shadforth is constantly receiving. This great chorus of praise and gratitude is proof positive that "Shadforth" Prescriptions have shattered the fetters of ill-health! Scores of thousands of sufferers owe their health, happiness and freedom from pain to these wonder-working compounds, which are prescribed in one form or another by the leading doctors all over the world. Every prescription is backed by the personal knowledge, skill and experience of Mr. William Shadforth—the Father of Modern Dispensing—who holds the highest possible pharmaceutical honours and who has probably dispensed more medicines than any man living. What these prescriptions have done for others they can also do for YOU! They frequently succeed where other so-called remedies have failed. They will, also, save you many a doctor's bill. Order TO-DAY, either direct from Shadforth's or from your chemist, and take the first step back to Health and Fitness! Now Read Carefully Below—and Don't Hesitate to Order the Remedy YOU Need.

The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

1

"Your prescription **No. 285** *was a PERFECT GODSEND to me, as I had been in agony for* **6** *weeks. I got relief after* **3** *doses."*

Testimonial No. 844. J. T., West Kilburn.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort for Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up nights, are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and *without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment.* they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. ***Stop worrying.*** **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

2

"My daughter suffered for the past **10** *years with Brain Fag. After endless doctors' opinions we have found her relief with your prescription* **No. 470.** *She says: "I could not live without them.'"—*

M., Chorley. Testimonial No. 49.

DEPRESSION

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, BRAIN FAG, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY AND NEURASTHENIA

are quickly banished by **"Brain Sparklers,"** the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days. "Brain Sparklers" dispel **Absentmindedness, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness. Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers"** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers and all Brain Workers. Ask for "Brain Sparklers" **(Shadforth Prescription No. 470.) A proved remedy.** Prices **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100). Don't fail to try this wonderful tonic. It does not harm the heart or stomach.

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.

3

"Your prescription **No. 632** *has done me a WORLD OF GOOD. I have better nights and my nerves are stronger. I could hardly bear to hear a paper rustle, and used to wake up with awful tremblings. Thanks to you I am a DIFFERENT WOMAN."*

W. B., Ashford. Testimonial No. 816.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

Healthy Heart. Hearty Health.

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, rundown conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. *Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers).*

IMPORTANT! *READ THIS NOTE* **Prescription No. 632** can, with tremendous benefit, be taken alternately with the **Prescription No. 470** ("Brain Sparklers"). That is to say, take No. 632 for a few days, then No. 470 for a few days. They are the perfect Twin Tonics—especially good in Spring-time. **Order one of each, and know what it is to feel ten years younger!**

RHEUMATIC GOUT

MUSCULAR PAINS, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS.

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joints, Rheumatism, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Threefold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation: it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and **makes movement a pleasure.** The treatment is **second to none** for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6 (No. 74/T).**

CRITICAL TIME TONIC

FOR WOMEN'S MIDDLE LIFE TROUBLES

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls, and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

PILES! QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

This Tonic Laxative Pill quickly relieves Piles, Constipation and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 394.** Price: **2/6** per box.

Special Pile Ointment (No. 1083) to use with the pills also at **2/6.**

SCIATICA—NEURITIS

PAINFUL NERVE-SHEATH INFLAMMATION.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia. Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

Do you know that operations on children for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids** are now out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed, with full directions, for **7/6.** Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment** for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstruction in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR PAIN AFTER EATING

From now on eat and enjoy whatever you fancy in moderation without unpleasant "after-effects." Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions."

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: **2/6** (144, 3 weeks' supply); **7/-** (432 Tablets, 9 weeks' supply).

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.

CATARRH COLD IN THE NOSE AND SUMMER COLDS.

Search the world over and you will never find a finer remedy than this, even at very much higher prices.

Cold or Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Price: **2/6, 4/6** and **8/6.**

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 32),** in boxes at **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100 pills). One of the most simple and hygienic methods of promoting sleep and suitable for all cases is the HOP-PILLOW. Send for **No. 8/129.** Price **10/6.**

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG!

A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES!

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART, LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Many people who have been carried off during dangerous illness would have pulled through if their arteries had not imposed too great a strain on the heart. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** rapidly **reduces high blood pressure** and tension. It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness;** it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1106/T.** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

NEVERILL

OLD SALTS

(Prescription 565K).

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free: In airtight canisters. **6d.** and **1/-.**

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all important Chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain at these prices by return of post, privately packed, from:—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

(QUALIFIED DISPENSING CHEMISTS)

(Dept. J.B. 10), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Branches: 499, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 166, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 45, Grove Road, Bow, E.3, &c., &c.

CRUEL OUTRAGE on Bereaved Parents

THERE is nothing so objectionable as official red-tape, and when red-tape becomes mixed up with the black crape that signalises a death, and consequent grief, then there is every justification for indignation.

A recent illustration of the callous methods of officialdom in its most heartless mood comes from Dagenham, Essex, where many families are living in a dire state of poverty.

At a modest home in Waters Gardens, Dagenham, lives Mr. A. C. Gamble, his wife and children. He had been unemployed for a considerable time, and to add to the worries of this household, Mrs. Gamble a few weeks ago gave birth to a little girl.

Unfortunately, the baby only lived for about ten hours. Later that day arrangements were made with a local firm of undertakers for the funeral and the body of the baby was removed from the house because its presence in the bedroom where the mother lay battling against death was impossible, and there was no other place in the small home where the corpse could be put, except in a bedroom occupied by other children.

It was shortly after these arrangements had been made that the parents realised with grim misery that they had not the money to pay the undertakers' fees

Not official!

After spending a night of weariness and worry, Mr. Gamble, not knowing which way to turn for help in his distress, decided to go to the Relieving Officer of the Essex Public Assistance Committee and ask for financial aid which would enable him to pay for the burial of his last-born.

To his amazement the official concerned informed him that the undertakers who had removed the body of his daughter from his poverty-stricken home in Waters Gardens were not the "official" undertakers.

He was told further that he must remove the body of his child from the premises where it rested, and take it back, a distance of half a mile to his home, where it would be collected by the "official" undertakers who would call that evening.

There were tears in his eyes as Mr. Gamble groped his way out into the street after his interview with the official concerned.

Mother's agony

"When my husband came back from this terrible interview he was a broken man," said Mrs. Gamble to a JOHN BULL representative. "Tears were in his eyes when he said, 'I can't carry the dead body of our baby back through the streets.'

"I listened as he told me what had happened, but I was too weak then to feel the anger that I feel now.

"All I could think of at the time was that my dead baby was to be brought back into the room where I was lying and placed in the perambulator near my bed.

"There was no other place where the poor mite could rest, except in another room with my four other children, and that was impossible.

"This additional worry, added to our anxieties of the past few months, almost drove me into hysterics. I felt that I should go mad if my poor dead baby had been brought back into the room where I was lying."

At this critical time when troubles seemed to be crowding down upon Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, a very good Samaritan in the shape of the Rev. H. S. Marshall, the priest of St. George's Church, Dagenham, came to the rescue.

Knowing of the family's straitened circumstances he had, in spite of the many calls upon his purse, caused a note to be left at the head office of the undertakers concerned to the effect that he would be responsible for the funeral fees, which were beyond the slender means of the Gamble family.

But for the fact that this generous-hearted priest had given a helping hand in this unobtrusive way, there is little doubt that Mr. Gamble would have been forced to make that dreadful half-mile journey through the streets of Dagenham from the undertakers' to his home, carrying in his arms the body of his child.

It is easy to imagine the effect his appearance, carrying his tragic burden, would have had on Mrs. Gamble, who was herself fighting her way back to life, added to the grief she must have felt at the untimely death of her newly-born child.

Investigation shows that in some districts it is the unwritten law among undertakers that one firm will not collect a body that has been placed in the hands of another firm.

It was for this reason, apparently, that the Relieving Officer to whom Mr. Gamble had applied for assistance in his grief and distress told him that he must remove the body of his child from one undertaker's premises to his home, where it was to await the arrival of the "official" undertakers.

It is doubtless necessary for general rules to be made to govern the action of a Relieving Officer in all ordinary circumstances. But to insist on their enforcement in a case of this kind seems to be a rather stone-hearted way of dealing with bereaved parents.

Mrs. Gamble suffered intense agony of mind when she lay desperately ill—all because of official "red tape" methods

NEW COUNCIL JOB TANGLE

CURIOUS things happen in connection with the affairs of that august body the London County Council.

Recently it circulated among its permanent staff an invitation to apply for the newly-created post of assistant housekeeper at County Hall.

A lucrative position was offered to married men: a post to be shared by the selected applicant's wife, and carrying a joint salary of £225 a year, rising to £300, free quarters, heating and light, together with an allowance of £80 a year for a servant.

Many hearts beat high with hope upon receiving the opportunity of enjoying such favoured conditions in the centre of London; and it is hardly necessary to add that a large number of married couples, many of whom earned their promotion a long time ago, were among those in due course invited to attend for interviews.

From among them all five husbands and wives were selected to be questioned by the Appointments and Promotions Section of the Establishment Committee.

It was intimated that the post would be immediately filled. There would be no unnecessary delay.

At the second interview, amid the congratulations of friends and fellow employees, a schoolkeeper with more than twenty years' loyal service to his credit, with his wife, was chosen for the coveted post.

This man was informed that he would be required to take over at once; he was shown round, introduced to the heads of departments, and handed the keys of the flat which he and his wife were to occupy. His transfer was arranged, and another married couple appointed to take over his old job together with the cottage he occupied.

His wife went to survey her new home—a home that promised to be hers for many years. She measured for curtains and fittings, and planned the new furniture she intended to install.

When she went home, she commenced to dispose of such goods and domestic chattels which in future she would not require. Many effects were thus sold for very little or given away.

There was no time to lose.

But, like a bolt from the blue, the following morning, came an intimation that the schoolkeeper's wife must now be medically examined.

No hint of such examination had been made in the original circular or at the initial interviews.

There were no reasons for thinking that, since she had shared the duties of secondary schoolkeeping with her husband for many years, she could possibly be unfit for lighter work.

Seen by a woman doctor employed by the London County Council, it was felt that in spite of the existence of a varicose vein, the schoolkeeper's wife could be sure of passing the final test.

But the doctor who examined her at this last moment shook his head. He could not be persuaded that, although the offending varicose vein has displayed itself without being a trouble since girlhood years, that it was really a small matter.

Upon his recommendation, the Clerk to the Council declined to confirm the appointment.

The committee meetings, the circularising of cyclostyled letters, the interviews, were in vain. The time and trouble occupied in making a selection was wasted.

Officialdom did not even apologise for the unnecessary inconvenience caused.

Now comes the most amazing thing of all. It did not even choose any one of the remaining four married couples for the post.

Instead, it ignored the fact that it had stipulated that only married couples were required, and offered the job to a single man and to a single woman jointly! In order to comply with the Council's urgent demands, they had to get married by special licence. Since both were already in the employ of the L.C.C. in other capacities, it wasn't even required that they should be medically examined as to their fitness for the post.

It is incidents such as this that create distrust and suspicion in the ranks of loyal public servants.

THE General Manager of the British and Continental Film Service has asked us to say that he has no connection whatsoever with the concern of a similar name which we criticised in an issue of a few months ago.

Watch Hilary!

A VENERABLE-LOOKING individual of fifty, who uses the name of Hilliary Greene, is practising a new trick on chauffeurs, to whom he offers attractive posts abroad.

He has been active in several London districts lately, and this is how he works:

Getting into touch with an out-of-work chauffeur, he makes a generous offer of employment and then announces that he is leaving for a six-months' tour abroad.

The new chauffeur is instructed to take out a passport and details of the proposed tour are discussed in a most convincing manner. A date is fixed for sailing and everything seems to be perfectly genuine and aboveboard.

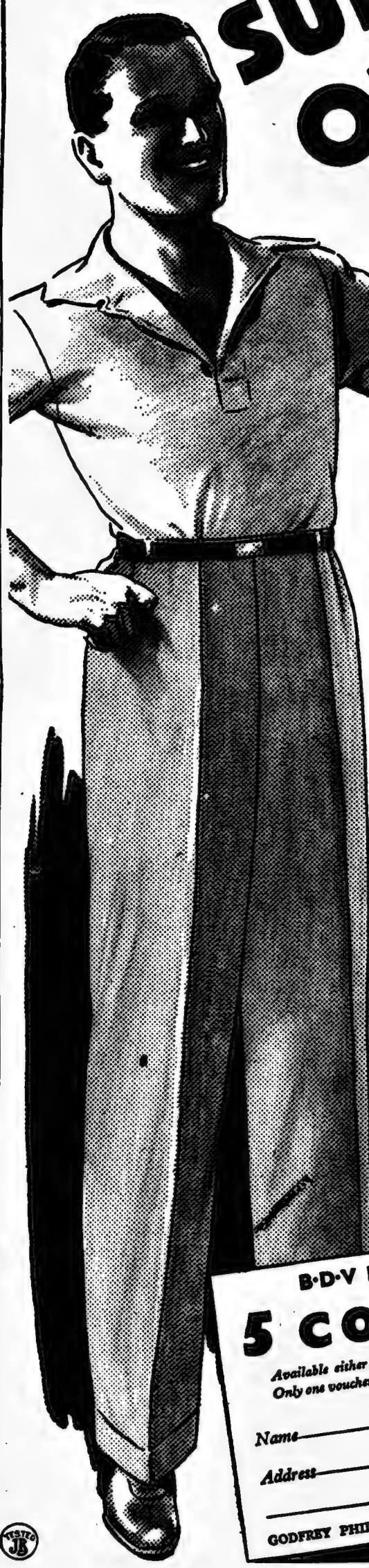
• • •

On the eve of leaving England the venerable employer jocularly confides that he expects to pick up a bit of money on a business deal on his way through Paris.

Generously he offers to let his chauffeur share his tip, and several poor fellows have thus been induced to hand over their savings, after which they never see their employer again!

One recent victim lost £30 in this way. It is a mean form of fraud, and we hope Mr. Hilary Greene will soon be called to account.

B·D·V SUMMER OUTFIT



This hot weather outfit COSTS YOU NOTHING

POLO STYLE SHIRT
with collar attached

SOFT, hard-wearing and absorbent. Ideal for all games and outdoor pastimes. Open neck style in White, Lovat Green, Blue, Maroon, Grey, Hunting Yellow. Sizes: Men's, Small Men's, O.S. Please state colour and size.

50 Coupons

GREY-GREEN FLANNEL TROUSERS

GOOD QUALITY hard wearing all-British flannel, smooth finish. Latest style, full cut, belt, loops and buttons, two side pockets, hip pocket. Sizes: Legs 28"-33" inclusive; Waists 30"-40" (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurements required.

100 Coupons

smoke B·D·V CIGARETTES

The coolest of the cool—and you'll collect the coupons in no time

B·D·V FREE VOUCHER

5 COUPONS

Available either for Polo Shirt or Flannel Trousers. Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift. Z.25/9.9/33

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39 COMMERCIAL ST., E.1

The Ambron Slim Figure

Gives just that slimness to your appearance which makes all the difference!

The Newly-designed AMBRON Nu-Style Corselette gives you the charm of slimness—*definitely* and *safely*—and you can enjoy that healthy and most comfortable body support which is so vitally essential.

The Special extending back design of this Ambron Nu-Style Corselette allows the body to be bent or straightened without any discomforting movement out of position. It simply expands and contracts in easy telescopic fashion with the actions of the wearer.

This new Model, of strong, striped pink Coutille, with soft web net brassiere, underbelt abdomen control, rustproof steels and four suspenders, costs only 8/11 and may be tried on at home for 1/- deposit. The balance may be paid in one sum of 7/11 or in monthly instalments of 2/- as you prefer. Use coupon below to enjoy the latest invention in figure support and comfort.

SENT ON APPRO.

TERMS TO SUIT YOU

1/- WITH ORDER

Only 8/11 full price, or on the AMBRON Convenient Terms of 2/- monthly.

Complete satisfaction is assured.

NU-STYLE MODEL COUPON

Please send me on approval, a new Ambron Nu-Style Model, at present price of **8/11.** My measurements are—

Bust..... **Hips**.....

Sizes range from 30 in. to 46 in. bust.

I enclose **1/-** deposit, with **4d.** postage, and will remit balance of **7/11** either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/-**. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

State Bust and Hip measurements and enclose Coupon with full name and address and postal order crossed thus / /.
(Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.)

"John Bull," 9-9-33. No. 409

Post your Order at once to—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd.,
409, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1

A Handsome Six-Foot Scoundrel

A TRAIL of fictitious glory has been blazed of late through Liverpool, Manchester and other cities of the industrial North by an impostor who calls himself Captain Peter Roy Napier, late Gordon Highlanders.

The imagination of "Captain Napier" is only matched by his impertinence.

This impostor, who despite his youth talks so impressively of his war-time adventures, is extremely good looking, six feet tall, and strongly built. He is well educated, an excellent conversationalist, and appears to be the real ex-officer.

War glories

He arrived in Liverpool with a mission. He was sent there, he declared, as the personal agent of a famous newspaper millionaire. The real object of his visit was to feel the "industrial pulse of Liverpool and the cotton towns" and to send private, informative memoranda to his employer.

The business cards he scattered broadcast, and by which he used to gain free seats in Liverpool places of entertainment, described him as the special correspondent from the London office of a national newspaper.

People in Liverpool unfortunately took him at his own valuation. They listened to his picturesque stories of war adventures with the "old Gordons" in France and of the hardships he suffered after capture by "the Huns" when trying to bring back to safety a wounded man who was lying out in No-Man's Land.

Indeed, the stories of this supposed ex-soldier were marvellous. After the war, he said, he owned a prosperous sheep farm in Australia, but a disastrous fire destroyed his farm homestead, burned his wife and child to death, and reduced his wealth by no less than £12,000.

So, a bereaved and fortune-hit man, he returned home to England and took to journalism as a kind of fill-up-time job, until something better came along.

He claims to be a close personal friend of the newspaper peer, through whose influence he was made a "special correspondent."

All manner of names famous in newspaper work are used by "Captain Napier." Notable journalists of to-day are supposed to be his intimates. He is constantly ringing them up on the telephone; frequently meeting them — at least, that is what he leads his dupes to believe.

Whirlwind lover

As a result of all this ground bait of talk, he has been received by many of the chief professional and business men in Liverpool and elsewhere in Lancashire.

A tour was even arranged for him through the factories of the Potteries and Cheshire.

He was welcomed with lavish hospitality. He lived well and he spent well—but only on credit.

In the course of his stay in Liverpool he met a very pretty, attractive girl, the niece of a prominent Justice of the Peace, and became engaged to her.

His wooing was of the whirlwind type which might become a soldier. He wrote her letters of the most passionate kind. He never failed—if he was away from her for a day on his supposed newspaper business—to send affectionate telegrams.

And between whiles he borrowed money from her, and from all of her relatives who succumbed to his ingratiating influence!

An impression of the elegant "Captain Napier" in an atmosphere of newspaper activity with which he so assiduously associated himself

He even introduced the name of Air-Marshal Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, into his campaign of pretence. "My father," he told his fiancée, "is the confidential financial adviser to Scotland Yard, and the intimate friend of the Commissioner."

It is scarcely necessary to say here that there is no such appointment as financial adviser at Scotland Yard.

And now to call the bluff of this supposed ex-officer of the Gordon Highlanders.

Peter Roy Napier is not his correct name. He has never been in the Army at all, and is too young even to have served in the war.

The newspaper peer and Lord Trenchard, whose names he uses so freely for his own purpose, have not even heard of him.

Not the same . .

Never has he had any employment on the editorial staff of the newspaper which he claims to represent as a special correspondent.

His only connection with newspaper work has been as a house-to-house sales canvasser.

At the end of January, under his real name of Roy Napier Dadson, he was sentenced at the Mortlake Police Court to four months' imprisonment for obtaining money by fraud. It was stated then that he gave an address at an hotel in Harrow, Middlesex, and had induced an acquaintance to cash a cheque which was bogus.

This man is a complete and thorough impostor. Since he was released from prison a relative has been paying him an allowance of £3 a week to encourage him to "keep straight."

Nimble wit

"Captain Napier" has repaid this generosity by victimising a number of people in this relative's home district with "dud" cheques. Out of consideration for the family reputation the relative has had to meet the debts.

Women are particularly prone to fall for this handsome young scoundrel. He has imposed on many, and obtained money from them by some subterfuge or other. His wits are sharp, but his morality is blunted.

His experiences in jail have obviously failed to teach him an adequate lesson. That is why we commend the activities of "Captain Peter Roy Napier" to the police in Liverpool and elsewhere for their careful consideration.

'Gone Away' AGENCY

SMALL traders in the North and elsewhere should be on their guard against firms of Business Transfer Agents whose chief activity is fee-snatching.

An owner of a small business is approached and told that a buyer can be found if he will first pay a preliminary fee for advertising. This fee ranges from a guinea upwards.

Later he is told that an advertisement of his business has appeared in a newspaper of large circulation, but no date or copy of the advertisement is supplied. Certainly no buyer of the business has been introduced.

A recent complaint concerns Messrs. Simpson and Co., Business Transfer Agents, of Northern Assurance Buildings, Albert Square, Manchester.

When a reader at Colne, Lancashire, decided to sell his shop, he put the matter in the hands of Messrs. Simpson and Co., under the impression that it was a firm of substance.

* * *

He paid a guinea for preliminary advertising fees and was assured that the firm would do its utmost "to bring your proposition to a satisfactory conclusion."

Later he received a letter signed "H. Simpson," stating that his business had been advertised in a London daily newspaper. The reader was suspicious and wrote asking for the date the advertisement actually appeared, but he got no satisfaction.

Recent letters have been returned from Messrs. Simpson and Co.'s address at Albert Square, Manchester, marked "Gone. No Address."

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Learn to Repose

SOMEONE I know very well has come to stay with me for a short time with the hope of obtaining change and rest after a strenuous time in London. Yesterday evening a fellow-guest, pointing to him, said to me: "Watch him; you will see he cannot rest; he does not know how; he cannot sit still for more than a few moments at a time; he has to jump up and walk about or play with something, or fidget like a child. He will go back as tired as he came if you cannot persuade him to acquire the art of doing nothing thoroughly; there is nothing he needs so much just now."

The observation struck me as true, not only of the person to whom it immediately referred, but to the typical man and woman of this over-strained, nerve-ridden age. People have got into a hectic habit of life; they must always be on the rush, passing from one excitement to another; they become bored with a tranquil, placid existence; and yet it is rare to find any of them contented and satisfied with the distractions they seek.

If it were only the young of whom this could be said there would be nothing to deprecate in it. The superabundant energy of child or young man or maiden must find an outlet in vigorous ways. It is natural, and there is something very pleasant to older folk in watching the young enjoying life with gusto and abandon.

But it is wrong for people well on in years to be unable to repose quietly when they have the opportunity to do so. It is bad for health, bad for temper, and bad for character to live on one's nerves as millions of people habitually do to-day. The human constitution cannot stand the racket.

It is responsible for a good deal of the violence and crime which are on the increase in many countries, and of which governments as well as individual disturbers of the peace of nations are guilty. And it is also the principal cause of the lunacy and suicides which are so marked a feature of present-day civilisation. It is the pace at which we are living that throws people off their balance.

Understand, it is neither work nor want of work that is the root of the mischief; nor is it the worry due to the difficulty of making ends meet. We could face all this with courage and the will to win if we could only keep calm; but in this modern world of incessant noise and wear and tear it is not easy to keep calm.

Lord Riddell tells that when Mr. Lloyd George was at the most critical period of his war premiership he one day said that he had never before felt in himself so close a resemblance to one of the personages in the Bible.

"Do you mean Moses?" asked Lord Riddell—thinking, I suppose, of Moses as the deliverer of his people.

"No," answered Mr. Lloyd George, "I mean——." Someone interrupted at that instant before the sentence could be finished, and the then Prime Minister was called away to attend to something urgent; so Lord Riddell says he did not learn the name of the Bible character to whom allusion was made.

Clearly, it was Mr. Lloyd George's namesake David, who is credited with exclaiming: "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest."

It is inward rest that you need reader, rest of spirit, power through repose.

That

SECRET DRAMAS of the ROGUES' GALLERY

THE Rogues' Gallery. . . . There is drama in the very title; but of the dramas played behind the scenes in this highly efficient department of Scotland Yard the public knows little or nothing.

When it figures in the news—as it did the other day when little Gracie Colledge was taken there, following the attack upon her by an unknown man at Ash Vale, Surrey—there is no more than a hint of its real significance.

Yet countless criminals owe their downfall entirely to the wonderful organisation of this department of the Criminal Record Office which, in its turn, forms part of the Central Office at Scotland Yard, where the great mass of clerical work arising out of every phase of police investigation is carried on.

Within its walls, under the supervision of Chief-Inspector Rowe, some forty specially-trained men are constantly engaged with thousands of files and photographs and countless volumes containing concise biographies of persistent criminals.

Chief-Inspector Rowe is said never to forget a face, and is probably the greatest "memory" man the Yard has ever produced.

Under a most elaborate system of indexing known rogues are divided into classes, according to the form of crime they favour. Charts recording minute details of their characteristics are kept up to date with infinite patience. Signatures, mannerisms, physical peculiarities—even down to the slightest disfigurement or scar—all available data are noted with meticulous care.

In some measure the work of the department is simplified by the fact that skilled criminals rarely if ever indulge in more than one speciality. Thus photographs required for identification purposes are grouped under a few headings, such as "Robbery With Violence"; "Housebreakers"; "Fraudsmen"; "Car Thieves"; "Confidence Tricksters"; "Blackmailers"; "Shoplifters"; "Sexual Offenders" and "Forgers."

Ambushed!

Classification of this sort narrows down the field of search immediately. Again and again it happens that the portrait of a "wanted" man is found among the first group produced for inspection.

Here are some hitherto unrevealed stories of crimes, great and small, the solution of which began with a successful initial search in the Rogues' Gallery.

One case concerns an elderly man, known to carry considerable sums of money upon him, who was robbed in a quiet thoroughfare near King's Cross.

As his assailants numbered five or six he was overwhelmed before he could study their appearance.

A statement he was later able to make in hospital was unhelpful, and the only clues consisted of a cap and a heavy stick dropped by his attackers in the struggle.

While detectives busied themselves in the locality of the crime, other detectives, acting under the directions of Inspector Simmons, paid a special visit to the Rogues' Gallery.

An examination of the "Robbery With Violence" file was first made, and then, to leave no stone unturned, the voluminous series of files covering "Housebreakers" was consulted. As a result a list was compiled of known rogues whose haunts lay in the area concerned.

Some were interviewed and questioned as to their movements at the time of the crime. All had alibis. Their photographs conveyed nothing to the injured man.

One passer-by was supposed to have witnessed the struggle, but he did not come forward, and all efforts to trace him failed. Then enquiry was started at houses and shops near the vicinity of the crime.

A barmaid at a near-by public-house recalled that a customer had come in talking of a struggle he had just had with some roughs. This man was then quickly found and requested to attend at the Rogues' Gallery.

Scrupulous care, we should mention, is always taken to avoid influencing a visitor's choice. Photographs are submitted for inspection without a word of comment, and even in cases where the police are practically certain of a wanted man's identity his photograph will be well mixed with others so that the selection made will be quite unbiased.

In this instance the visitor was not long in picking out a portrait as being that of one of the roughs who had attacked him.

Woman attacked

So enquiry led to the known rogue's lodgings, where a stick, similar to the one dropped in the attack on the old man, was found, and it was also established that he was the owner of the lost cap.

That was the beginning of the end. In due course five men were sent to jail—entirely as a result of that one visit of a stranger to the Rogues' Gallery.

Another interesting story can be told of a woman who, returning from holiday, encountered several men leaving her flat with all her valuables. Two of them at once attacked her and all escaped before she could get any clear view of them.

Although she spent some hours at the Rogues' Gallery she could pick out no portrait resembling the thieves.

But enquiries were pursued by Detective-Sergeant Allen with the result that some of the stolen property was traced to a jeweller.

He, in his turn, was invited to inspect portraits in the Rogues' Gallery and was able to pick out the man who had brought the jewellery to him.

This man turned out to be another accomplice who had not been concerned in the actual theft, but by keeping him under close observation the police soon got on the track of his associates, with the result that the prime offenders finally received terms of penal servitude.

One of the most dramatic, and certainly the biggest blackmail case of recent years, ended with the conviction of a gang of criminals who might have escaped but for the efficiency of the Rogues' Gallery.

Their victim was a man of some public prominence, who had been guilty of a certain lapse which had come to their knowledge.

Held everywhere in high esteem, he could not face the thought of his past rash act becoming known to the public, and at one time or another at least ten blackmailers were extracting money from him as the price of their silence.

In the end, when he had been bled of the huge sum of £80,000, he went to the police, whereupon his persecutors went into hiding.

He had little evidence against the blackmailers, whom he knew only by aliases, and for a long time he was reluctant to divulge full information.

None of the official portraits in the "Blackmail" dossier conveyed anything to him, but in a group of "Society Crooks" he identified one member of the gang to whom he had paid money.

This opened up a new channel of enquiry and Detective-Sergeant Cory, of Scotland Yard, was detailed with others to keep special observation in the haunts of "dress clothes crooks."

Later, the victim was again requested to visit the Rogues' Gallery, and from a further group of portraits he soon picked out two more of the blackmailers and the man who had acted as the principal throughout. The gang was rounded up and its members are still in jail.

Spotting 'con men'

The information and photographs in the Rogues' Gallery are perhaps more effective in some cases than others, notably so in regard to confidence tricksters.

One interesting example of this concerns a man known as "Captain Smith." Through a beautiful woman decoy he gained an introduction to a wealthy New Zealander, and within ten days had relieved the stranger of £25,000.

The victim wisely went to Scotland Yard, and in little more than five minutes was able to identify "Captain Smith" and some of his associates among the portraits of known "Confidence Tricksters."

By this time the offenders were in

This is a chair in the Scotland Yard studio where a convicted criminal was photographed . . .

. . . Years later an official conducted a search of the Rogues' Gallery . . .

... is the MAN!

the South of France, enjoying the spoils, and though the assistance of the French Sureté was sought, no arrest was ever made.

An unusual case arose some time ago when a prominent charitable society had, by special recommendation, appointed a new secretary.

The new official showed brilliance in organising appeals, but before long he disappeared, not only with money, but also with a car and articles of jewellery obtained from diamond merchants as "gifts" for a big lottery scheme he had started on behalf of the charity.

The higher officials of the society were deeply distressed on visiting the Rogues' Gallery to find the picture of their missing secretary in a very different guise. But they expressed themselves delighted with the efficiency of the Gallery itself.

A victim complained of being robbed of a large sum of money by a rogue he knew by the name of Lewis.

. . . and soon discovered the portraits of the "wanted" man . . .

So up to date were the records, that the man he ultimately picked out was shown to be serving a sentence in Wormwood Scrubs.

Lewis was promptly put up in an identification parade, and this time there was no doubt. The victim was able to point to him instantly and say: "That's the man!"

It is a feather in the Yard's cap that the United States Police Chief recently asked permission to send picked men to study the methods of our Rogues' Gallery. And there is talk of a big conference between the Yard and police chiefs from America, France, Belgium and Italy to bring about closer co-operation in this branch of identification work.

Already much useful work has been done in international cases, and a dramatic story can be told of an unknown man who shot himself in Paris after being swindled out of his fortune by a number of international thieves.

The French authorities could discover little about him, but on communicating with Scotland Yard it was found that the dead man's description tallied with that of a complainant in a case then under investigation.

His portrait, together with those of several suspected rogues, was mailed to the Paris Sureté, with the result that the man was definitely identified.

Provincial police, too, frequently make use of the Rogues' Gallery. Podmore, the garage murderer, was brought to the scaffold largely through its machinery, for one of his landladies went to Scotland Yard and was able to select his photograph from among those of criminals known to resort to violence in emergency.

The same may be said of Stewart, who murdered a retired merchant in Bayswater. A woman who had noticed him leaving the scene of the crime had been impressed by his curious behaviour and had taken a careful look at him.

Later, when Superintendent Cornish invited her to go to the Rogues' Gallery, she quickly selected his picture from a group of criminals known to have violent tendencies, and so another murderer was brought to justice.

Then, late one evening, an important witness in another murder case spent some hours going through files in the Gallery, and early next morning three sets of photographs were on the desk of Chief-Inspector Berrett.

It scares them!

Three names were written upon his pad. The first name was that of Guy Browne, co-murderer with Kennedy in the tragedy of Police-Constable Gutteridge.

And, as all the world knows, it had not been picked out in vain.

Pathetic scenes are often enacted in the Gallery.

Young girls who have been betrayed or induced to go through a bigamous marriage with hardened rogues make tragic figures as they pore over the files. Sadder still, perhaps, is the spectacle of widows of men who have been done to death by stop-at-nothing criminals. The ordeal of searching for someone who has slain a near and dear relative has caused many a bereaved woman to collapse.

Sudden shocks sometimes await the searchers, too, as in the case of a mother who visited the Gallery in the hope of being able to identify a professional lover who had enticed her daughter from home. In looking through the files she suddenly espied another familiar face—that of her own next-door neighbour who had emerged from jail three years previously and was now leading an honest life!

The Rogues' Gallery may not be infallible, but it is very rarely that mistakes are made by witnesses called in to inspect the files.

One dangerous criminal had a narrow escape, though, for he was picked out as the likely murderer of a woman and had actually been arrested and detained before it was established that it was a case of "wrong identification."

Tragic figures

In another instance a bank manager picked out the portrait of a man who had been previously convicted for financial frauds as being the leading light in a new commercial swindle.

He was mistaken, for the man was only an employee of another criminal behind the scenes and was not responsible for the offences complained of.

It is safe to say that the hardened criminal fears the Rogues' Gallery more than any other department in the forces of Law and Order which are ranged against him.

That is often why you see a crook pleading guilty to a number of charges not actually mentioned in an indictment and asking that they should be taken into consideration against him.

In one instance a man pleaded guilty to 97 other charges of fraud committed in different parts of the country. He knew that the machinery of the Rogues' Gallery is so complete that all these cases would inevitably be laid at his door before long, and he chose to "own up" in the expectation of being more leniently dealt with.

No wonder the Gallery of Bad Men at Scotland Yard is considered the finest and most efficient in the world.

. . . which finally enabled the police to solve a mysterious crime and apprehend the murderer

What to do
IF YOUR DOG IS LISTLESS

NO thoughtful dog-owner ever mistakes listlessness for laziness. When a dog lies about moping and doesn't want to play, he is unwell. Blood impurities have infected his whole system, making his liver sluggish.

There is only one thing to do. If your dog is listless, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood and soon restore his happy spirits.

Because your dog's skin is non-porous he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. He relies on you to provide a blood corrective. Do as all thoughtful dog-owners do, start NOW to condition your dog regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, giving him three powders a day for two consecutive days each week. This is the correct way to keep your dog healthy and free from all blood disorders, such as listlessness, loss of appetite, continual scratching, sulky temper, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.

1/- *boxes of* 21 *powders, and* 6d. *packets of* 9 *powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.* L.S.9.

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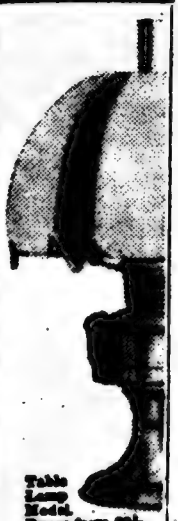

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BRIDE Up —I Bought Her to Save Her

"As she drew abreast, I seized her arm, and asked her what was the matter"

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories
52

ANYONE who knows Alexandria well, knows of that unsavoury district round about the famous—or infamous—Rue des Sœurs, or Sister Street, as it is more commonly known.

The events I am about to relate took place there, and although they do not provide any thrills for my readers, they have the merit, I think, of being unusual.

I was serving with the British Forces in Cairo at the time, and had been saving up for some months for a fortnight's leave at the "change-of-air" camp at Mustapha, Alexandria.

As soon as I arrived in Alexandria, I decided to see as much of that historic city as I possibly could in the short time at my disposal.

I was hampered considerably by the fact that a great portion of the city was "out of bounds" to His Majesty's Forces. Some areas were entirely prohibited, others could be passed through on 'bus or tram, but not on foot.

As the "out of bounds" areas were about the only places where real native life could be observed at first hand, I cast about me for a way out of the difficulty. Fortune aided me by providing a solution almost immediately.

During my first evening in the city I saw a number of Englishmen knocking about Alexandria clad in dungarees. Enquiries elicited that they were men off the English boats lying in harbour. There was the way out.

I purchased a suit of old dungarees and a trilby hat. Clad in these and with a handkerchief around my neck, I was indistinguishable from any other of the Englishmen off the boats. I would certainly never have been taken for a soldier. In this guise I spent an interesting and not uneventful time prowling about the city, especially the native quarters.

Admittedly I was sometimes the recipient of hostile scowls, and on one occasion I had to take to my heels to avoid rough handling from some Arabs, who resented the intrusion of a European.

But, on the whole, I suppose I was lucky to see as much as I did. My limited knowledge of Arabic was not of much use to me, but a few piastres, judiciously distributed, often spoke a language that even the most illiterate native could not misunderstand.

All too quickly the days sped by. Then, a few days before I was due to return to Cairo, my little "adventure" befell me.

I WAS strolling along the Rue des Sœurs in my "disguise," when a native girl ran out of an alley way screeching for help and running as though all the hounds of hell were at her heels.

Of course, I should have stood aside and let her pass. Her flight was no business of mine. But my infernal curiosity got the better of me again, and as she drew abreast, I seized her arm and asked her what was the matter.

Before she could answer half a dozen natives came pouring out of the same alley way, and, seeing me holding the girl's arm, went for me bald-headed.

Compelled to defend myself, I struck out. As the odds were so uneven I was not particular as to my methods and used my feet and elbows as well as my hands.

One ugly ruffian got his arms around my neck in a manner anything but affectionate and tried to drag me to the ground.

I can still grin appreciatively at the recollection of his howl of anguish when I hacked his shins with my heavy-soled boots and then ground my heel into his bare toes.

Another I succeeded in doubling up with a vicious elbow jab to the "tummy," but the odds were too great for the scrap to last long, and eventually I was thrown to the ground, and, whilst a couple of them sat on me, two others roped me up.

I should mention here that anyone who has been in a hand-to-hand scrap with natives will appreciate how difficult it is to hit them about the body really effectively.

Many of them are clad in a "galabiyeh," which is something like a long night shirt, only much more voluminous, so it is extraordinarily difficult to time a good straight left to the body.

Your fist sinks into the folds of the galabiyeh and you find you have misjudged the distance, so that what should have been a telling blow loses most of its severity by the time it reaches the body.

The fact that a native's "tummy" is the most vulnerable part of his anatomy accounts for my annoyance at finding my efforts frustrated by their clothing. Sometimes matters are made more difficult still by the fact that many of the natives wear under the galabiyeh, in addition to a shirt and another garment which resembles our cardigan, a number of yards of material wrapped around their middle.

Whether the wrapping is to guard against a knife thrust I do not know, but that seems to be the simplest explanation.

ANYHOW, to get back to the main theme. They finished tying me up and then carted me off down the alley way and up some steps at the end. Through a doorway we went, and then down a passage to a door at the other end, and so into a small room which reeked of hashish and cheap native tobacco.

When my eyes got accustomed to the haze and the dim light I saw that the only furniture was a bed and two stools. The light was provided by a smoky oil lamp hanging from the low ceiling.

I was dumped unceremoniously on one of the stools, and my captors drew off to hold a council of war

I now had a chance of scrutinising them properly, and I must say I have seldom seen a more ruffianly-looking gang in my life.

One grows accustomed to seeing some pretty repulsive-looking creatures among the low-class natives, but one of the members of this gang would easily have taken the Grand Prix at any "Ugly Contest."

Completely bald, and with one empty eye-socket, he had a little straggling

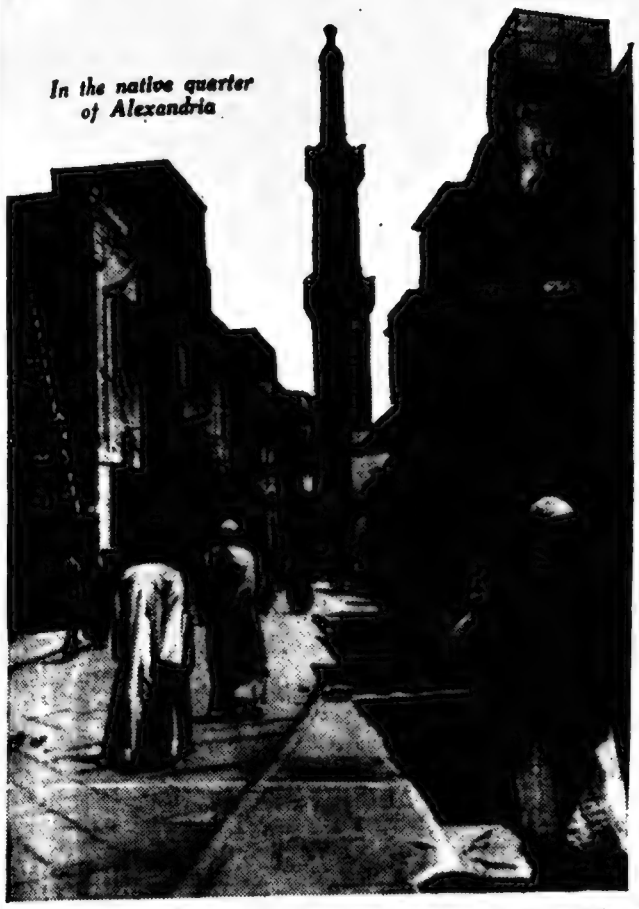
BIRD TAKES PHOTOGRAPH

Africa is still the "Dark Continent," full of unexplained mysteries and strange romance. Attilio Gatti, the famous explorer, has had genuine experiences there which are as fantastic as anything the novelist could invent.

The first of his new series of gripping, real-life narratives of African exploration appears in *The Passing Show*, out to-morrow. It is entitled "The Girl of His Dream," and describes the extraordinary love affair of an Italian Count who was Gatti's fellow-traveller on a Red Sea liner. To crown an amazing narrative, it is illustrated with a photograph taken by a bird!

You must not miss this first instalment of such a fascinating new series. Order *The Passing Show* to-day, to make sure of your copy.

for AUCTION



In the native quarter of Alexandria

beard which gave him the appearance of an ancient goat.

His face was terribly emaciated, and had not, obviously, been washed for many weeks. Perhaps that was as well, for heaven knows what further imperfections might have been revealed by the use of soap and water.

His appearance had not been improved by an ugly swelling under the left eye where my fist had caught him.

His name was Hassan. The others, comparatively speaking, were not too bad. Abdul, Youssef and Ahmed were their names. A fifth I was unable to pronounce. It sounded like Bercihaha. I mentally christened him "Percy."

Their conference ended, they moved towards me, but were stopped suddenly by a scream from the adjoining room.

While they hesitated, the door opened and the girl dashed out, followed by another old hooligan, who I learnt later was her father.

SHE made a dash for the door leading into the passage, but the gang was too quick for her, and she was soon under lock and key again.

Then the fun began. From what I could gather the girl was the old man's daughter, and he was going to sell her to Hassan. As the girl was so unwilling to be thus disposed of, her father, Ali, had put up the price.

From the ensuing argument, I assumed that Abdul, Youssef and Ahmed were Ali's sons. "Percy" was Hassan's son.

Ali had agreed to sell the girl to Hassan for two hundred piastres and some goats, but was now trying to force the price up to 250 piastres, plus the goats.

I had no idea what they intended to do with me, so I decided to side with the party which was, numerically, the stronger, namely, Ali and his sons, and, of course, the girl.

Another factor that helped to influence my decision was that I was really the cause of the girl's present predicament.

Had I not stopped her when she was in Sister Street, she would probably have been well out of reach by now. I judged that she was much more fleet-footed than her pursuers.

That being the case, it was up to me to try to get her out of the mess if I could, and at the same time ensure my own safety.

While they were still haggling I had a brain wave. Why should not I buy the girl? I could probably outbid Hassan, and I promptly decided to try.

I broke into their arguments by offering to purchase the girl for three hundred piastres. That stopped their gabbling for a moment. Silently they stared at me in amazement.

I suppose the idea was a bit novel to them—I, an Englishman, and a Christian, offering to buy an Arab girl, and a Mohammedan to boot.

Personally, I had doubts about the girl's relationship to Ali. Her skin was too light-hued. I suspected she was a Copt, and that Ali had come by her illegally. That made me more determined than ever to get her out of it.

Whilst I was ruminating, the chatter broke out afresh. They all seemed to be trying to talk at once and shout each other down. I followed the argument as well as I could. It seemed to me that Ali did not think three hundred piastres was sufficient.

The goats were worth a hundred piastres, so the value of the girl, as represented by Hassan's offer, was three hundred and fifty.

Ali looked enquiringly at Hassan, as though inviting him to bid a little higher. But Hassan wasn't having any.

One of the sons then suggested that if I increased my offer to four hundred piastres I could take the girl away there and then.

AFTER a little more argument, I agreed. Hassan, seeing himself outdone, let out a howl of rage and rushed at me. He would undoubtedly have done me an injury, bound and helpless as I was, had not the others seized him and roughly bundled him outside. They then released me and waited for the money.

Then still another difficulty arose. I had only about a hundred and fifty piastres with me.

The remainder of my money I had left in a safe place in camp.

When I explained this to them, one of the sons was all for cancelling the bargain and calling Hassan back again.

I could see all my plans going up in smoke, but I decided to make a last effort at persuasion. As well as I could, I pointed out to them that I would give them a hundred and fifty piastres cash down and the remainder the following evening.

They were to keep the girl until I paid the rest of the money. If I failed to turn up they would still have the girl, whom they could sell to Hassan, and the hundred and fifty piastres would be clear profit.

That appealed to them, and after a little more discussion I paid over the hundred and fifty and made my departure.

As I got to the door I realised that they might try and dispose of the girl before my return, so I went back and insisted on them bringing the girl out and telling her of the arrangement.

They agreed to do this and the girl was brought out. She received the news with an impassiveness which both surprised and nettled me. I did not want any thanks from her, but I thought that a smile of appreciation, perhaps . . . .

However, I consoled myself by putting her lack of expression down to her Oriental breeding, and departed, after again promising faithfully to return the following evening.

I must confess that, when I had cooled down somewhat, I was a trifle apprehensive as to the eventual outcome of my escapade, and I lay awake the greater part of that night wondering what on earth to do with the girl. When I did fall asleep I was still undecided.

I NEED not have worried, for everything worked out beautifully. I took the money the following evening as agreed, and "collected" the girl, whose name, by the way, was Rosiyah.

When I had overcome her extraordinary shyness I managed to learn from her that she had a "boy friend," one Gaber, who was employed as an orderly by the military authorities at Sidi Bishr.

In much less time than it takes to tell I had directed the taxi-driver to proceed to Sidi Bishr Camp, where it did not take me long to find Gaber.

He was overjoyed that Providence had taken such a helping hand in his affairs, and delivered his Rosiyah to him in such a miraculous fashion.

He offered to repay me my four pounds at the rate of ten piastres a week. But I objected to this, and told them they could regard the money I had spent as a wedding gift.

Unfortunately I could not be present at the ceremony as I was unable to get away from Cairo.

SOME two years later, on my return from Khartoum, I met Gaber's brother in Cairo. He informed me that Gaber sent his salaams, and the message that Allah had blessed his union with Rosiyah by sending them a baby boy.

I never saw either Gaber or his wife again, but I know that somewhere in Egypt the black-eyed Rosiyah never tires of telling the toddler at her knee how the English "Ombasha" made it possible for her to marry her lord and master.

NEXT WEEK:—A reader tells of a thrilling moment in his life when he found himself threatened by three revolvers.

The "Greatest of These . . ." Fund.

Would You Smile?

"Give him something really worth while to smile at"

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Fred is always smiling, says his mother—Fred must be of an optimistic nature, for his home conditions are nothing to laugh at. . . .

His mother is a brave but very lonely little struggler. Her husband left her six months ago: she does not want him back.

She works hard, earning 18s. a week, all she has for herself and her boy to live on. Her weekly rent is 10s. 3d.

"I am just about existing on what I get," she explained, quite undaunted at the prospect. "I just manage to jog along and keep smiling. It is the only way."

But she is worried because her rent is in arrears, and the winter is before her. But for her boy she is utterly alone, both her parents being dead and she has no brothers or sisters. Her only relative is a stepfather who has to keep himself on his old-age pension.

We place the case of this mother and son before our readers in the hope that they will respond by sending donations (earmarked "Fred") which will give the boy something really worth while to smile at, and lift a grievous burden from the frail shoulders of a brave woman.

All donations, whether for "Fred" or for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

The current week's list of donations is kept at this office, and a copy will be sent to subscribers on application.

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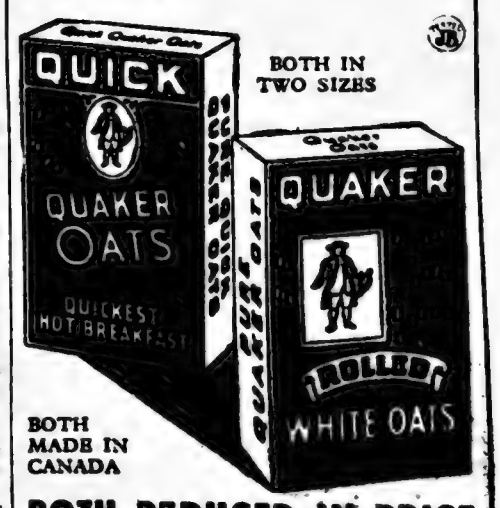

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During the summer especially, your face and neck need extra care to prevent the delicate skin from coarsening. Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to keep the skin soft. Just *one* application softens a dry or rough skin. This is the reason why thousands of women use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. It makes your skin so smooth that powder stays on for hours.

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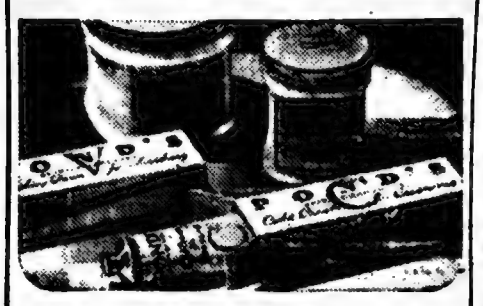


THE MAN in the RUT

advised by PHILIP INMAN

THIS is the time of year when the word "change" is in the air. Some fortunate people have already had their holiday—that pleasure is still in store for other folk. Whilst even those who cannot afford to stay away have managed an occasional day in the country or by the seaside.

And the benefits of holiday-making are numerous. Not the least is that "it makes a break," as I heard one woman say. That is the meaning of the old saying: "A change is as good as a rest."

Change, I say, is in the air. I am going to live up to it, and, for one week, will depart from my usual method of conducting this page. It is nearly two years since I became "Humanist" of this paper, and I have been working out some statistics. Figures can be as dry as dust. But not these figures.

Over thirty thousand letters have been sent to me. Just imagine it! Every one containing a human problem—a home in jeopardy, a lovers' quarrel, a tragedy of unemployment; misunderstandings, jealousies, estrangements; appeals for advice on careers, financial and business worries, the up-bringing of children.

To the solution of these problems I have given of my best. But let me be honest with myself and with you. It has not been all "give." For I have learnt a great deal myself—a great deal about human nature, with all its fads and whims and emotions.

I have discovered truths like these . . the essential goodness of mankind at heart—the joy that comes from forgiveness—the strength that triumphs over disappointment—the star of hope that goes on shining even in the darkest sky.

NO one could be "Humanist" for long without finding that men and women to-day are facing unprecedented troubles with a chivalry and courage that make of human life a thing of greatness and of grandeur.

Now let me make a confession. *I am interested in every question sent to me because I am interested in life.* But I have a pet problem. It is one which is sent to me day by day from young men and young women all over the country.

Let me quote one typical letter. It comes from a young man in North Wales. He is the only child left at home, and both his mother and father are semi-invalids. He works desperately hard—in the office of a builder and decorator during the day and selling stationery from door to door in the evenings. In addition he undertakes "little domestic duties in the home."

And this industrious young man says to me:—

"I am twenty-three years of age, and I feel that I am not making the progress I should like. This is a terribly quiet town without any industry or interests to talk about, and life is just a humdrum existence."

And hundreds of my correspondents are in the same boat.

This is what they say: "We want to get on. We are ambitious. We are keen to make a success of life. But how is such a thing possible in these days? We are lucky to have a job of any kind. What earthly chance is there for us to do those things we would really like?"

A Yorkshire miner writes: "I would like to become a doctor." A commissionaire at a big stores wants to take up music as a profession. A farm worker living near Chelmsford wants to enter the Church. And so on. All these letters have, to use a boxing phrase, "brought me to my knees."

What is the answer to their questions? Where is the solution of their problems?

I advised one young man to cultivate three attributes—initiative, pluck and faith. "There is not much in that advice," he wrote back. "It is just a repetition of the old parrot-cries that have gone on through the ages. They lead you nowhere. Platitudes were all right in the good old days, but not since the War, when civilisation has fallen about our heads like a pack of cards. What I want is a decent position where my abilities can be given full play."

That young man asked for a miracle—and I am not a miracle-worker. "A decent position" is like an advance in modern warfare. It must be fought for every inch of the way. Besides, it was not talking platitudes.

Those three words—initiative, pluck, faith—are the keynotes of my own life, which has never been a fool's paradise. I have known what it is to be hungry. I have endured the pangs of utter loneliness. I have felt the sharp stabs of disappointment

When, as a young man, I came to London, I knew neither a soul nor a street. On the first Saturday morning after I found work I waited for my wage—only to receive the disconcerting news that "salaries are only paid once a month." That day I went without any lunch and walked five miles to save a 'bus fare of twopence.

My young friend who wrote so scathingly about my advice will be interested to know, too, that all my best work has been done "since the War, when civilisation has fallen about our heads like a pack of cards." And the watchwords I made my own ought to be good enough for those who are keen to get on. To *think* failure is to *be* a failure. When a man believes in himself he can get the world to believe in him, too.

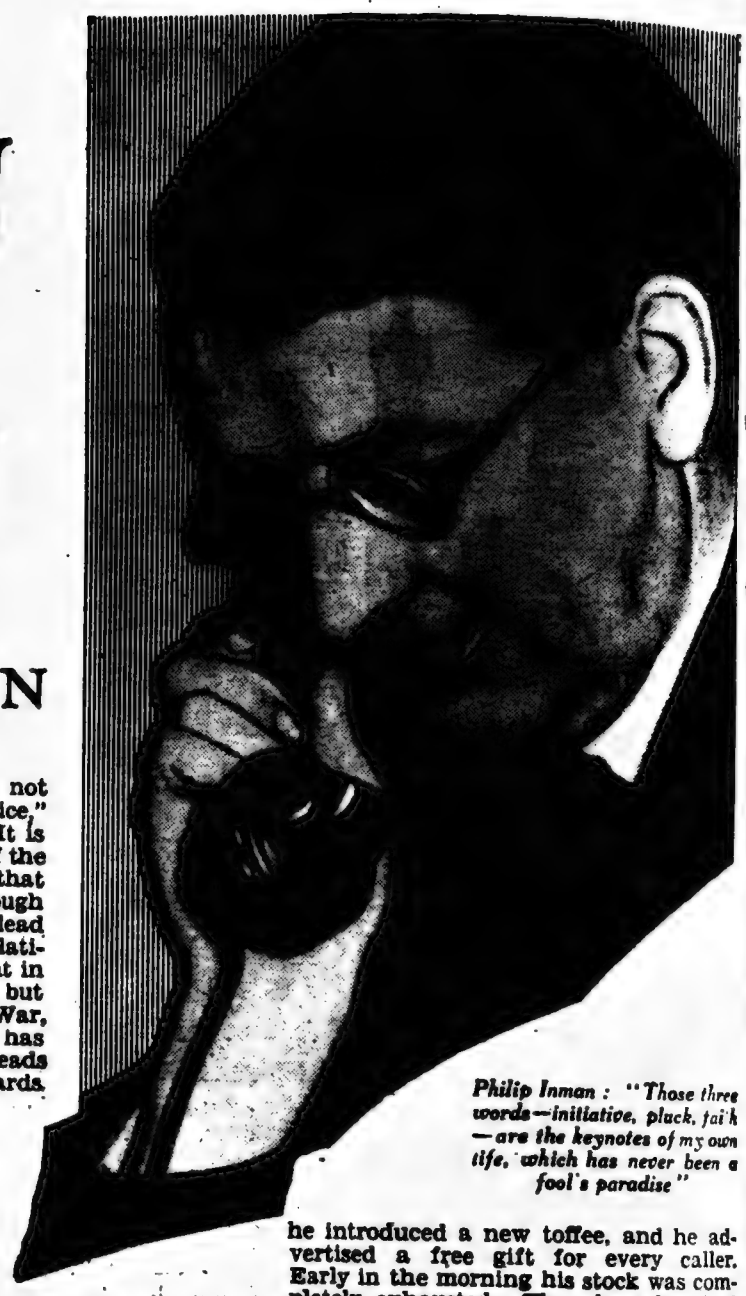
Sometimes I get letters from people who say they have invented a machine or discovered a miraculous cure.

ONE man asked if I could put him in touch with someone who had ten thousand pounds, as he had a cure for indigestion which he wanted to place on the market. I told him he had better start by putting it in small bottles and selling it from door to door.

That is how Beecham built up his wonderful business. He went round the market places selling pills from a wagon. And he left a huge fortune. Ryder, the seed merchant, started by selling penny packets of seed. Jesse Boot opened a small retail shop, and that was the beginning of Boots, Cash Chemists.

My friend, Sir Harold Mackintosh, told me recently the romance of the famous toffee firm. His father, when he married, opened a little confectioner's shop in Halifax. As a side-line, he introduced a new toffee, and he advertised a free gift for every caller. Early in the morning his stock was completely exhausted. Then he advertised again: "You tried our toffee at our expense last Saturday, try it at your own next Saturday!" They did, and have never stopped doing so.

"Oh, yes," my critic might say. "That is what I told you. These things were possible in the good old days, but not to-day." Very well, I will take up his challenge.



Philip Inman: "Those three words—initiative, pluck, faith—are the keynotes of my own life, which has never been a fool's paradise"

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS began his great motor business in a cycle shop. MacMichael, a leader in the radio world, started in an attic. Amy Mollison was a typist earning a couple of pounds a week. All are post-War successes. And these instances could be multiplied a thousandfold.

Initiative, pluck, faith! Initiative—what does that mean? This. Don't wait for an opportunity, make it! The one who, like Micawber, waits for "something to turn up" will find himself "upturned" by those who are hurrying past him to their goal.

Pluck!—that means the cultivation of the "never-say-die" spirit.

Faith!—faith in yourself, in the task you want to perform, and in the certainty that you can do it.

These are the signposts on the road to success, and, depend upon it, the young men and young women who follow them will make their mark in the world.

Let me sound a warning note, however. Material success is not the be-all and end-all of existence. In the quest for supremacy life must still keep its balance.

Some folk are "spoilt by success." That is a price far too heavy for any advancement. Success which will bring misery in its train either to one's self or to loved ones is poor stuff upon which to build the edifice of life.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." He is always ready to help you to solve the problem that is worrying you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Keep youth alive in your skin! But to do that, you must be careful to choose the right beauty soap.

What is it you want? A fancy wrapper? No! Heavy perfume? No!

You want a soap made of olive and palm oils. No artificial colouring, no strong perfume. A soap backed by the endorsement of over 20,000 beauty experts. In short, Palmolive! And here is the way to use it: wash with lukewarm lather, rinse—first with warm water, then with cold. Dry with a soft towel. Then, see new bloom, new freshness restored to your skin.

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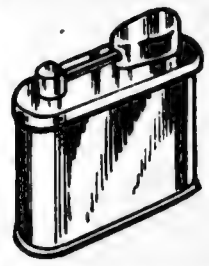

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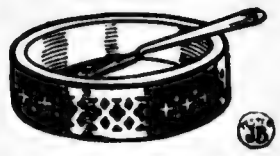

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Fires—and False Teeth

Talking of testimonials—which we are just about to do—we are reminded of a story about a certain famous actor who was proudly recounting the triumphs of his career. At last, one of the actor's friends, not to be out-done, interrupted him.

"Well, I bet you never had what I got—an illuminated address," he said.

"When was that?" asked the actor.

"When my house caught fire," was the reply.

To get on with our subject—it is probable that no preparation has ever received so impressive a testimonial as the highest dental authorities in England have given to Milton. In a formal report, the dental departments of two of our most famous hospitals have stated the following:—

"Milton is most useful for the effective cleansing of artificial dentures, and can safely be employed for that purpose without damage to the dentures provided they are made of the best grade of materials and contain no base metals."

Any dental surgeon can show you this report upon request. Furthermore, any dental surgeon will agree with us when we say there is no justification for anything but the best grade of materials being used in any denture. Even the ordinary fluids of the mouth, such as saliva, will corrode and disintegrate base metals if used in a denture, and the difference in cost between the highest grades of materials and the cheaper is only a few shillings for a full set.

The fact that you have been to a reputable dentist for your dentures is a perfect assurance that they are made of the best grade of materials. Keep them clean by the Milton method, and they will last you a lifetime with ordinary care.

Incidentally, the same report also says, "Milton shows a pronounced and marked tested superiority as a mouth wash and germicide over all the other preparations."

Could anything be more convincing? Milton costs sixpence.

"Each terrified baby is brought to the surface and . . .

A Dark Deed for a Bright Day!

PICTURE a bit of old England at its loveliest. It is early morning in the genial month of August. The trees carry their full load of leaf, and the bees are gathering their first cargo of the day. . . .

The silence is so profound that the beat of the wings of a wood-pigeon in flight from one great elm tree to another is clearly audible. . . .

Suddenly comes the note of a hunting horn from the wood in the near distance. How beautiful it all sounds, and how typically English the scene is—more shame to England!

For inside that lovely wood there has been enacted a scene which reeks of mediaeval cruelty, a relic of barbarism, so revolting that the loathsome sight remains in the mind's eye of the observer like some horrible nightmare.

But it is no miasma of dreams. It is going on two or three times each morning, each week, in each hunt in Great Britain. It is known in "sporting" circles as "blooding the young entry of hounds."

This is the procedure. The earth of a vixen is discovered by the gamekeeper, and the young family is allowed to grow in peace and quietness through the summer months.

No quick deaths!

Mrs. Fox wins the family livelihood from the countryside in the shape of rabbits, young pheasants, and sometimes a chicken or duck to vary the menu. In this task she is aided by the father of the thriving family. Between them, no doubt, they do quite a lot of damage.

Yet it is regarded as a sin against society to give them a quick, painless death. There are far more "sporting" methods than the merciful gun for reducing the number of fox cubs.

When August is half over the annual killing off of young foxes takes place, and it is to the scene of one of these revolting performances that I am taking you.

It is not a nice picture, I know, and yet quite a number of the "best people" have left their beds well before six o'clock this bright morning to be present at the massacre of the innocents.

For massacre it is, as we shall see.

At the first sound of the hunting horn, or the whimpering cry of a young hound as a bit of thorn pricks his coat, the vixen makes a bee-line for her earth, around which the precious cubs are playing in the warmth of the morning sun.

She knows too well that trouble is afoot. Most probably she has vivid recollections of last winter, when nothing stood between her and a horrible death except her speed of foot and quickness of brain.

Into her home she goes, and there she cowers in abject fear. The menacing note of the horn comes nearer and nearer. There is the excited bark of the terrier as it is put into the entrance to the fox's earth, and in a moment the mother of the little family is fighting a life and death battle for all she holds dear.

But the odds are overwhelmingly against her, did she but know it, poor

by

A Special Correspondent

creature. Whilst the terrier is making a frontal attack, a couple of sturdy workmen are using pick and shovel at the spot where long experience tells them the cubs are most likely to be huddled.

Outside, hounds are baying their heads off with excitement. The terrier's staccato barks and snarls tell them that the vixen is defending her home with magnificent courage. The assembled "sportsmen"—yes, and "sportswomen," too, hard as it is to believe that a woman can endure the sight—wait in keen expectation.

Presently the vixen turns her head for a split-second to see what is happening behind her. The terrier seizes his chance. He has her by the throat in a vice-like grip, and, with the death-rattle in her throat, the tortured vixen sees strong hands reaching for her little ones.

Only merciful death prevents the brave mother from witnessing the next act in this bestial drama.

As each struggling, terrified baby is brought to the surface, it is flung with a "whoo—op" to the madly-excited hounds, who rend it limb from limb, with a noise like the tearing of a piece of stiff calico.

The stronger hounds make off with fragments of the corpse, and the performance is repeated until there are no more occupants of the little home in the woods.

Hounds, blood-stained like so many satyrs, are brought together again, and a couple more woods are visited. They, too, yield up their sacrifices to the god of "sport."

By nine o'clock the day's slaughter is over. Hounds are re-embarked in the van which brought them to the scene of action, and the sun shines down upon a scene of grim desolation. The fragments of the bodies of mother and cubs lie in the undergrowth, awaiting the ministration of the burying-beetle. . . .

And once again the silence is so profound that the beat of wings of a wood-pigeon in flight from one great elm to another is clearly audible. . . .

It is not a nice picture, is it? I have not exaggerated one detail. I have not distorted one fact.

This damnable cruelty is being practised in some 200 hunts in this fair England, and some 1,000 young foxes are being done to death in this barbarously cruel manner each morning.

Let us see who are the prime movers in this crime against elementary decency.

Those who judge . .

Many of them are country magistrates, sworn to put down cruelty with the utmost rigour of the law. Who are they to sit in judgment on the brute who ill-treats a puppy or the fiend who tortures a child? They are guilty, either directly as participants, or indirectly as supporters, of as foul a piece of cruelty as ever comes before a court of summary jurisdiction.

Amongst those present at the scene I have described were a noble peer and his wife, seven other women, who would certainly call themselves ladies, a number of wealthy supporters of the hunt, a couple of gamekeepers, a few "sporting" farmers from near-by homesteads, the two labourers, the huntsmen and a whipper-in.

The argument in defence of these proceedings urges that young hounds—the "young entry" referred to above—shall taste blood, so that they shall be keen when hunting proper comes along.

It seems to me that in this argument alone rests the most severe condemnation of fox-hunting you could possibly find.

If fox-hunting can't exist without the brutal horrors of "cubbing" it should be abolished.

". . . flung to the madly excited hounds"

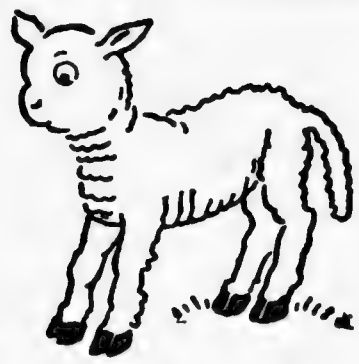
ALL THE BEST—

All the best racing journalists contribute to the success of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition.*

Among the many bright features are Willie Standring's notes from Newmarket, "Solon's" review of the form horses, starting-price experts' notes on the transactions in Tattersall's and the Course Correspondent's Turf Nuggets, which are gold nuggets to backers.

This week's issue contains the best information for the St. Leger meeting at Doncaster.

Secure your copy to-day and be in possession of the most reliable racing and football news obtainable.



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JS 228-71-66

HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural cure at home, by same treatment as used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders, etc., are simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound and it dissolves uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, but are quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. This curative medicinal water will clear the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus and bacteria.

REAL BEER
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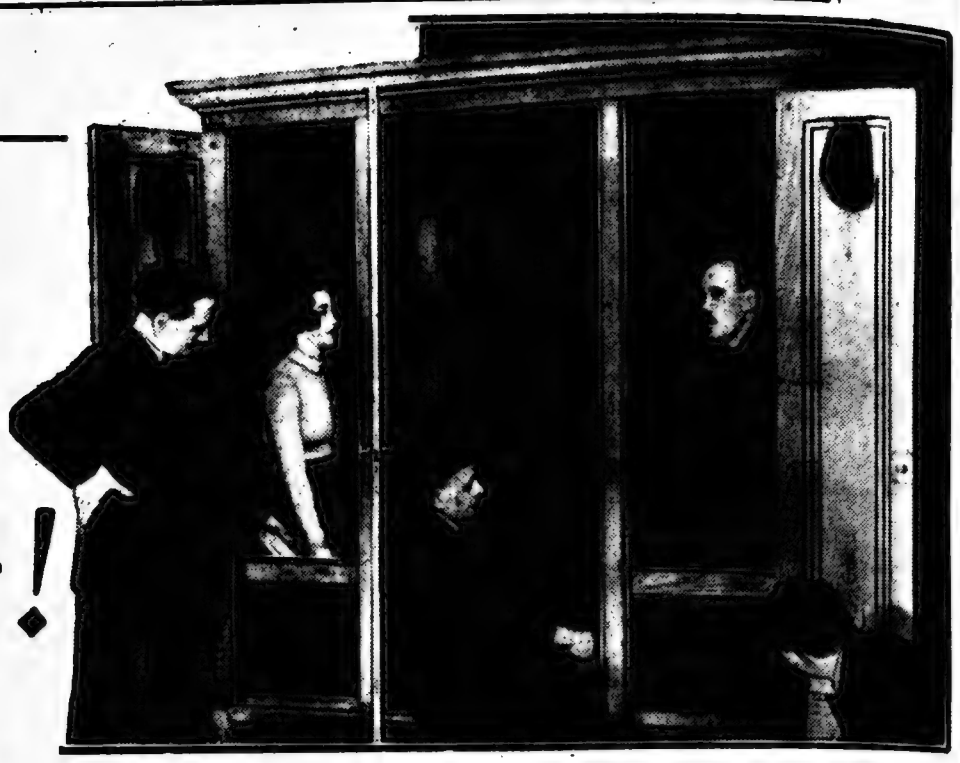

Mr. Noel Maskelyne seated with his sister Mary in the "Davenport Cabinet"

by **Noel Maskelyne**

IT was my grandfather's most famous illusion—or, at least, the one that first earned him world-wide fame—that provided me with what I consider to be my "greatest hour."

In 1865 my grandfather, John Nevil Maskelyne, witnessed the so-called "spirit mediumship" of two brothers from America named Davenport.

They had created immense interest in those days by their "spirit manifestations," and their seances were generally packed with people, some genuinely interested in spiritualism, and others who were attracted by the novelty of the affair.

Well, my grandfather, who had an open mind about spiritualism, came to the very definite conclusion that the Davenports were tricksters of the first water, that their "seances" were the result of trickery, and that the "spirit manifestations" could be reproduced by any illusionist who was willing to take the time and trouble.

So he actually reproduced the exact performance given by the brothers in a cabinet, which he named the "Davenport Cabinet." The result was that the brothers faded from view immediately: they knew that their bluff had been called in no uncertain manner.

Now I do not want to tread on the corns of those who do genuinely believe in spiritualism. Personally, I have an open mind on the subject: he would indeed be obtuse who would declare definitely one way or the other that there is "nothing in it."

I want to tell you of this particular "Davenport Cabinet." And let me say at once that although certain "manifestations" do occur, I do not for a second pretend to tell you that they have anything to do with the occult.

The great illusion

Sixty years, almost to a day, after my grandfather first performed this illusion of "spiritualism," I determined to try it myself. We were celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of the Maskelyne Mysteries, and I thought that there could not be a better opportunity of once more re-staging this illusion. My grandfather died in 1917.

Now at that Jubilee performance I knew that there would be magicians and illusionists from all over the world—and I also realised very well that they would all come with one end in view—to be able to discover, if they could, how the various illusions were effected. Not the least interesting from their point of view being, of course, that of the "Davenport Cabinet."

In this illusion my sister Mary (who, with my brother Jasper and myself, are the "magician" members of the family now) and I had to seat ourselves in a cabinet just big enough to hold us comfortably, with a small table placed in a kind of recess in the centre.

Tambourines, bells, slates and pencils, and some other paraphernalia were placed on the table—but before that happened, both of us, in full view of the audience, had to be firmly tied by the wrists and ankles so that it was impossible for us to move.

Then the doors of the cabinet were closed by members of the audience who had come on the stage to perform the tying-up ceremony, and within a matter of seconds, despite the fact that we had been bound so securely, the tambourines were beaten, the bells were rung, "spirit" messages handed out on the slates and various other "manifestations" were produced.

Then, when the cabinet doors were thrown open again, we were discovered with our wrists and ankles tied as they had been before.

You will understand, of course, that I cannot explain the illusion to you in its entirety. We may want to use it again! But this I can say—in no part of it do we use confederates, nor is there a false bottom or side to the cabinet.

Cryptic message

All the manifestations are produced by us inside the cabinet—and I can also assure you that the knots in the rope are real knots—and the people who tie them unknown to us.

We had practised the illusion of the cabinet for weeks. It was hard work, but we stuck at it—sometimes for hours on end. We tested every knot we thought could be tied—and in time we managed to solve them.

Finally, we decided that we were "action perfect," and could perform the "manifestations" at will.

The Jubilee night arrived. You can understand that we were all feeling nervous, for it was a big occasion for us as a family, quite apart from the fact that we knew the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling.

Someone—I never discovered who it was—sent a note round to me just before we were due to open. It was cryptically worded. . . . "Beware when the ropes are tied: you'll never get to work in that cabinet."

That was all. I showed it to my sister, and we exchanged significant glances. *Somebody* was determined to prevent those "manifestations" if that could be done!

However, it was too late to have taken the illusion out of the programme, even if we had "funked" it. So we gave each other a cheery smile, and set our teeth. Come what might, we'd go through with it.

Presently the great moment arrived. It was explained to the audience just what was going to happen: we took our seat in the cabinet, and prepared to be "roped up."

We had, of course, invited up members of the audience, as was our custom. The man who "roped" me set to work with a grim determination that gave me my first hint that something *might* go wrong!

You can always tell when a man has been used to handling rope—he ties knots with such a facility that they seem child's play. At all events this man did!

At the finish he gave me a quiet sort of grin, as though to say, "Now get out of that, Mr. Magician!" And to be candid, I was afraid for the first and only time in my career—afraid, let me hasten to add, that I had attempted too much in trying to reproduce my grandfather's illusion.

I looked across at my sister in the opposite corner of the cabinet. I saw that she was nervous, too: the same man who had "roped" me had taken a hand with her fetters—and had made no mistake about them either!

There was a dramatic pause for a moment after the tambourines, the bells and the slates and pencils had been placed on the table inside the cabinet . . . then the doors were shut!

Desperately I set to work. . . . I could not move an inch! I could just glimpse in the half-light that my sister was similarly placed: whoever had tied those ropes had tied them properly!

It seemed as though hours were passing . . . actually it could not have been more than a few seconds . . . the perspiration began to pour down my forehead . . . my heart was thumping as I strove desperately for the thing that *must* be done if the "manifestations" were to take place.

And all the time I struggled, my subconscious mind pictured the magicians and illusionists out in front there, chuckling to themselves; and I imagined the audience growing more and more restive.

Do not forget that this was my *family's* "greatest hour"—our Jubilee as illusionists. And here was I, going to let them down, to have to ring down the curtain because I could not perform the illusion my grandfather had invented.

Someone spoke . . .

I almost believe that tears of mortification came into my eyes. I was overwhelmed by a dreadful sense of failure when . . . suddenly, like a cool wind on a desperately hot day, *someone* . . . Oh, yes, it was a real voice and no ordinary magic, I feel assured, . . . said in my ear:

"You've done this very thing successfully for days past. Listen!—move your wrists *so* . . . now *so* . . ." and the very next instant the tambourines were beating . . . so were the bells making a merry jangle . . . and above the din, I heard the roars of applause of the audience!

What turned failure into success? Why did I get my "greatest hour" after all? And why were the "manifestations" actually performed (I discovered later) inside a few seconds, when it seemed as though we had been inside the cabinet for hours? And, more than all, where did the voice come from?

I don't pretend to know. But I have told you, haven't I, that it was my grandfather's own special illusion?

Dale's promotion came quickly

Very soon after he was taken on at the works Dale was promoted. He'd impressed his employers from the start; his well-shaved appearance morning after morning made him stand out from the other men. You might guess at once that Dale doesn't shave with ordinary soap—doesn't shave to-day and miss to-morrow. And you'd be right!

Fact is he gets a quick, close shave *every* morning by using Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. That's because Lever's Easy is made for the job. It costs him only sixpence, yet it gives him a hundred perfect shaves. You try it and see! Start to-morrow with the cleanest, most comfortable shave it is possible to have—the kind of shave that may mean a job with higher wages for *you!*

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A FINE RECIPE FOR BACK-ACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

Here in England where we eat so much meat Kidney Trouble is very prevalent. Meat forms uric acid, which clogs the kidneys so they only lazily filter or strain out part of the waste and poison from the blood. Then you are ill. The moment you feel that your kidneys are falling behind with their work get an ounce or two of ordinary Carmarole Compound and take eight or ten drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. Most chemists also keep it made up in tablet form. The Carmarole Compound will bring you almost instant relief from either kidney or bladder trouble, as it stimulates these organs to healthy action and cleans them right out. It acts as a nice tonic, too, if you are a bit run down. After taking it a few days you will sleep fine and awake in the morning refreshed and ready for anything. Anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better than Carmarole Compound either in liquid or tablet form.

DRINK HOT WATER TO ENSURE GOOD HEALTH

Most people realise that nearly all illness comes from a disordered stomach. The start is sick headaches, furred tongue or biliousness, indigestion and constipation—to be followed by worse evils. Don't risk any of these things. Keep fit! The solution lies in drinking a glass of hot water every morning on rising—it will develop into an invaluable habit which will repay you with sound health. Your morning glass of water will achieve its greatest success if you add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. This will gently but surely flush away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels all the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, uric acid and polluting waste. You can get from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate for two shillings. The daily cleansing will keep your system sweet and free from all acids and poisons. This is the system of good health in a nutshell!

Swallowing the ANCHOR

Lessons in pig-farming for Jack Tar at the vocational training centre at Portsmouth Barracks

by Commander H. M. DANIEL

AFTER striving for twenty years or so to make Jack Tar forget he was ever a landsman, a feverish effort has to be made at the end of his "time" afloat to restore him to civilian appearance and habits as nearly as possible.

Sometimes the women make the chief difficulty.

The man grasps soon enough the need for enterprise and a readiness to do anything and go anywhere, but his wife may reckon the days of wandering are over. For several years she has looked forward to settling down in the neighbourhood of their home port—Chatham, Portsmouth or Devonport—amongst all her friends.

Unfortunately, this is not where the jobs are—except perhaps a very few—and in such a case there is apt to be trouble ahead whichever horn of the dilemma is chosen.

If the wife's way prevails, she has a husband out of work and more than likely puts the blame of any shortage of cash on him. If the husband insists on having his way, the home is encumbered with a discontented wife—far worse than an unhappy ship.

SOME of the jobs best suited to ex-naval ratings may require the services of a married couple. Employers with such posts at their disposal often complain that good men from their point of view seem rarely to marry satisfactory wives.

The man's character and his technical ability can usually be deduced from his Service certificate, but hitherto no one, even in the safe precincts of Whitehall, has dared to suggest that sailors' wives should be officially certified as possessing competence combined with an amiable disposition.

The Admiralty has for some eight years past been at considerable pains to help the naval rating adapt himself for life ashore, by what is termed vocational training.

It is amusing, as well as interesting, to watch pig-farming, shoemaking, motor-driving, bricklaying and a host of other commercial pursuits operating under the Naval Discipline Act.

More than 5,000 sailors and marines are placed in employment every month by the efforts of the Regular Forces Employment Association, and it is gratifying to learn that job-finding is meeting with increasing success.

THERE seems to be no limit to the human equations these officials are called upon to solve. One request was for two attendants for a certain institution. This seemed simple, but it was imperative that each should be a good all-round cricketer so that he could participate in the recreations of the inmates.

By 6 p.m. one was forthcoming, and before 9 p.m. the pair was complete, having demonstrated their ability to bowl, bat and field.

It has taken employers some time to realise what splendid material is constantly coming into the market, and the prejudice that used to exist against the ex-Service man is partly responsible for his desire to conceal his Service origin.

In 99 times out of 100 his ingenuity is defeated, but considerable amusement is afforded to the friendly onlooker. For instance, a man can learn to steer a motor-car instead of a motor-launch more readily than he can acquire the habit of saying "Madam"/or "Ma'am," instead of "Sir" when the occasion demands it.

The hardest part of adapting himself to civil life is to grasp the commercial outlook on work and business. This is quite different from the traditions in which he has been brought up in the Service.

In his sea career money has exclusively been associated with pay, personal expenses and a spree ashore. Efficiency as a craftsman or loyalty of service never entered into his head except in terms of duty; certainly never to be appraised as £. s. d.

IT is easy to recognise the difference entailed by such a change in perspective, but it takes time to effect adjustment; meanwhile, there is a grave risk of the ex-sailor "doing himself down." Whilst his mind is still working on the old lines, he is not satisfied with any standard lower than that of the Service.

It comes as a surprise that neither employer nor public can afford to pay for more than immediate necessity demands. It takes time to learn that a low price is more important for many purposes than durable work; and he is at first inclined to underestimate his overhead expenses.

On the other hand, he has many things to face for which no warnings will ever be adequate. Every day in the Navy, at eight bells, the bosun's mates piped dinner. If there were difficulties on board or at home, there were many officers to consult without incurring lawyers' fees. The "hottest" martinet at sea had no terrorism quite like the dread in which men ashore talk of the "sack."

On the beach, there are no messmates. It is a bitter pill to find your nearest colleague turning out to be your most dangerous rival. Worse still if he prove devoid of scruples and twist your confidence to his own gain.

Not that it can be claimed that the Navy is without its percentage of rogues. Of course not; but while serving they are largely kept in check.

After "swallowing the anchor," however, they are no longer constrained and exploit their Service association by imposing on kindly people who do not know how to check up the validity of a Service man's tale. Even those who are familiar with a naval parchment certificate may easily be duped by a hard-luck story.

Unfortunately a few such rogues are apt to bring discredit on the ex-Service man, who is, generally speaking, of exemplary character.

FOR instance, an old shipmate, a petty officer, called on me just before Christmas. No toys for the children, wife ill, no money to buy her the food she needed. There was a job on the river if he could scrape together a few shillings to go down for an interview.

Altogether as a gift and a loan he received £6, and tears of gratitude filled his eyes. But my cosy feeling of Christmas complacency received a nasty shock when I met a friend who had likewise provided £8.

Enquiry soon revealed that the vacancy had been genuine; but £14 in one day was better going than the wages offered. At all events, he never turned up for the interview, nor did I or my friend hear of him again.

An enquiry of the Regular Forces Employment Association, now embodying representatives of the Lower Deck, or of the British Legion, would have been common prudence.

Besides saving our pockets it would have "brought up with a round turn" a rapscallion whose fraudulence was only increasing the difficulties of thousands of excellent men.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

EVENING ARGUS:—"—— was a man of powerful PHYSIC and a fairly good boxer."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"Floral printed ROCKS and big hats are being worn."

BANBURY GUARDIAN:—"For Sale—saddle tank. OWNER NO USE."

WELLING AND DISTRICT JOURNAL:—"Captain —— noticed that a swimmer had disappeared, and immediately plunged, dived several times and recovered the SUMMER."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"This allowance could be given either to the AWFUL wife or the unlawful wife."

GREAT WAR ADVENTURES:—"His left EAR was full of tears."

BRISTOL GUARDIAN AND GAZETTE:—"Some companies, therefore, are fitting triplex GRASS."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"Do not CARRY an airman unless you cannot help it."

SECRETS:—"With one hand she was holding the wheel. With the OTHER she was smiling an impudent farewell."

CRICKETER:—". . scored 140 not out against the English TRAM."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"£2,500 should the reader or his wife be killed."

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON HERALD:—"The Italians, led by Signor Mussolini, set the new fashion with black SKIRTS."

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FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32 P.), Cunard Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

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THE 'AXE' ON THE Forest

TWO years ago the short-sighted men with the big axe set out to put Britain on its feet again by a policy of wholesale lopping. Their attention was naturally attracted to the money that was being spent on afforestation. Here was a subject symbolically suited to the operations of the axe.

Besides, afforestation means the planting of trees which don't grow up in the duration of a politician's normal term of office. The benefits of tree-planting by one generation are fully reaped only by those who come after.

"And what," asked the Cabinet, like the man at the back of the crowd, "has posterity done for us?"

Off came £478,000 from the annual grant of under £1,000,000 made to the Forestry Commissioners. There was no argument about it. Money must be saved. It was—at the beginning of the year. But, as with most other economy schemes of the National Government, it was lost at the end of the year, as will presently be shown, though the loss was not shown in the Forestry accounts.

* * *

Let us first tell the story of modern afforestation. Through the last century the immemorial oaks and elms of England and the sombre conifers that screened the North Country from its winters had been blasted from memory by mine and factory, thinned by the merchant of timber, eaten into by the spreading towns.

Forests that had grown with the race and made verdant the whole long history of Britain gave way to the slag heaps and blackened buildings of the industrial age. Here and there some scattered thickets and spinneys remained as a ghostly tracing of some ancient woodland glory.

THEN came the Great War. The slaughter of the trees was as wholesale as the slaughter of men. The woodmen felled 450,000 acres. Towards the end of the war statesmen became alarmed.

A land insufficiently wooded is a land unequipped for all the exigencies of war or peace. After a brief enquiry before the Armistice, a wise and comprehensive policy of reafforestation was decided on.

It had the approval and support of all Parties. Sentiment had its place in the scheme. There were many who would have voted for spending the necessary money if there had been no material need. A land without woods is a land without beauty, and to leave for those who are to follow an England richer in green shades and the stateliness of tall trees was for them an adequate motive.

A commission was formed in 1919 with powers to spend a modest £3,500,000 over an experimental ten years. Of the grant nearly £500,000 represented money voted for the relief of unemployment.

The commission proved so successful that in 1929 Parliament voted £9,000,000 to be spent over a further ten years, as originally planned. With an estimated revenue of £2,160,000 to be earned from the forests, the total expenditure on the planting of new trees and the settling of over 3,000 men in forest holdings would be the modest one of £11,160,000, or £1,116,000 a year, a fifth of the cost of one modern battleship.

The Forestry Commissioners went ahead with the work already begun on the new plantations that were springing up in a hundred districts—Dartmoor, Brynmawr, the Quantocks, Cannock Chase, the Tyne, Glengarry—in every shire and county from the Isle of Wight to wind-swept Dornoch.

In the largest of their schemes, at Thetford Chase, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, they had already done much to turn a stretch of sixteen miles of barren and derelict land into a thriving woodland district. The population of one village there has grown from twenty-six to over 250.

NOW the work of the Commission is being cut by half. The continuity of policy vital to any forestry scheme has been broken. Experts are being discharged, and when a wiser Government returns, as it must soon, and reaffirms the faith of England in its forests, it will cost much money to bring the organisation back to its full efficiency.

The Commissioners were settling men in forest holdings at the rate of 350 a year. The new race of sturdy foresters was quickly self-supporting. Men from the Welsh coalfields were among the most successful.

That branch of development has been cut right out, at a big saving—on paper. But the unemployed remain on the "dole" or the rates.

Paying men money for nothing is expensive. In a year 350 men and their families, at the low average of £1 a week, cost the community £17,500. In ten years the figure is £175,000, or just about what it costs to capitalise 350 self-supporting, wealth-creating, men-making forest holdings.

And, in addition to the men on the new holdings, the forests employed about 3,000, many of whom have now been discharged. So one large slice of the "economy" is no saving at all, but a loss.

Another item is no less striking. Forestry means planning for years ahead. Young shoots have to be kept in the nurseries for about four winters before they are added to the acreage mapped out to become woodland and forest.

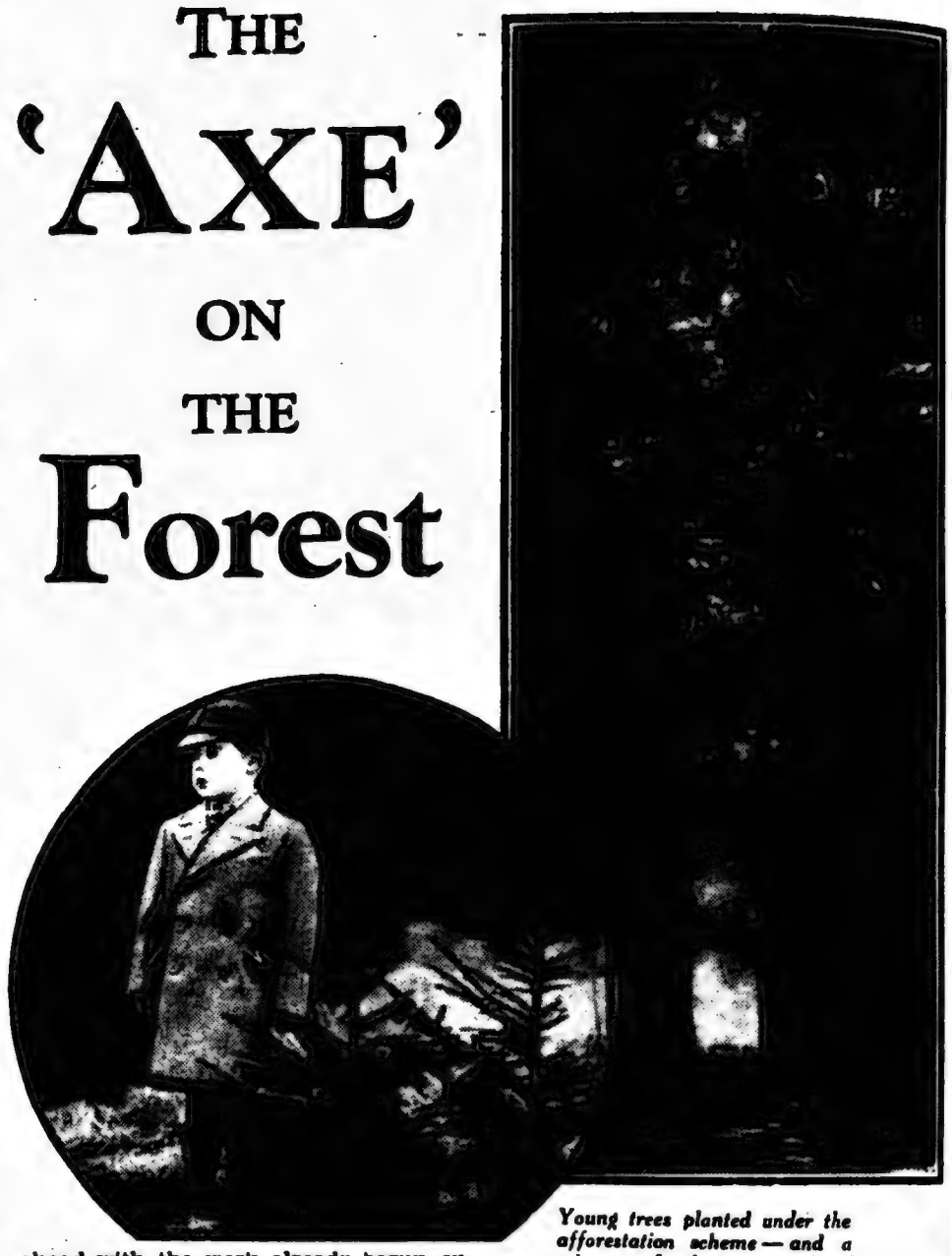
Many millions of these shoots have been kept in readiness for each year's extensions. The planting programme for the seasons 1931-1932 to 1934-1935 was 120,000 to 140,000 acres. This has been cut down to 80,000 to 90,000 acres.

BIG plantings of four-year-old shoots must now be torn from the ground in which they have taken root. It is cheaper to destroy them and start again from seed than to tend them in the nurseries. The Commissioners have no option.

And the net loss on the basis of the cost price of the young plants is £50,000!

Obviously the razing of so much of the afforestation grant is stupid as an immediate economy effort.

In the matter of afforestation posterity will not honour the memory of our National Government. Whatever woods give shade to our grandchildren and their children, there will be none whose roots may be traced to a beneficent vision of beauty and green wealth on the part of the men who will be remembered as having controlled our country in these present years.



Young trees planted under the afforestation scheme — and a glimpse of glorious woodland maturity

Race with "Silver Ring"

Hyperion Has It!

A READER telephoned me last week and asked how many horses would start for the St. Leger. I informed him that the final acceptance was not due until a week before the decision of the race. I anticipated a field of about twenty.

JOHN BULL readers will recollect that when Hyperion was put up in these notes for the Derby, it was pointed out that the colt was the only classic candidate with an unblemished record.

Since Epsom Lord Derby's champion has enhanced his reputation, while most of those that finished behind him there have given in-and-out displays.

I dislike choosing favourites, but the selection must be

HYPERION.

Scarlet Tiger appears to be holding on to his market position, and I hope to see this colt fill second place at Doncaster.

Basil Jarvis will probably have decided his runner by now—Typhonic or Solfatara. If he stands on the latter, I suggest a little each-way on her as the most likely of the long-shots.

The Champagne Stakes, run the day before the Leger, may go to Turbotin.

At Gatwick this week-end note Prurgent for the September Handicap, and Conversion and Nisona for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows It covers the racing from Thursday, September 7, to Wednesday, September 13.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

No need to be BALD, GREY, or Thinly Thatched

GREAT "NEW HAIR" OFFER

to "John Bull" Readers. Simply Post the Form at Foot.

The Photographs Below Show the Splendid Results of Using Mr. Frederick Godfrey's Preparation, a FREE SUPPLY of which is to be sent to every Reader.

No more generous offer can ever have been made to those whose Hair is deficient in Quantity, Colour or Quality, than that announced here by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, one of the most widely known Hair Specialists in the world to-day. Not only is he ready to send a Free Trial Bottle of his famous RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC, specially prepared in Matlock Bath, the home of the thermal springs, but he promises in addition to send a copy of his famous Book on Hair Growth and Maintenance, and a Letter of Advice on each applicant's personal Hair Troubles.

SEND NO MONEY

By a special arrangement, Readers are to receive a Trial supply of Frederick Godfrey's Hair Tonic Free.

£1,000 Guarantee that the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from letters received by Mr. Godfrey. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative statements.

Already hundreds of thousands of men and women have to thank Mr. Godfrey for removing the traces of age as evidenced by failing or greying locks; even quite bald people have secured splendid healthy hair growth once again under Mr. Godfrey's skilled advice.

All whose hair is **failing, going grey, losing lustre,** or is **in any way weak or deficient,** should seize this opportunity of testing the wonderful preparation which has played so important a part in accomplishing such marvellous improvement for those who have already put it to the test. Mr. Frederick Godfrey, as mentioned, will also give free of charge or obligation his expert advice upon any hair trouble from which you may be suffering.

The form below, when completed, is all he requires for his guidance, and immediately upon receipt of same, with the necessary stamps for postage and packing, your Special Free Trial Supply will be forwarded, together with the illustrated booklet and letter of advice. This is Mr. Godfrey's unique offer to you. Accept it to-day and ensure Healthy and Beautiful hair permanently by posting form below.

NOTE.

IF you need a tonic hair dressing for daily use to keep the scalp healthy and promote growth there is nothing better than Frederick Godfrey's famous "RENAIR" TONIC DRESSING. This particular preparation is obtainable from Chemists everywhere, including all branches of Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc. Price 1/9 and 3/- per bottle. Also "RENUKLOR," THE GREY HAIR REMEDY. Price 3/- and 5/- and "FOLLEX" LUXURY SHAMPOO SACHETS, 6d. each or "FOLLEX" CREAM SHAMPOOS in Tubes, 3d. each or 1/- for 5. If not in stock, your Chemist can obtain any of the above for you without delay.

A Few Out of Many Thousands who Feared they Would be Bald or Grey for Life, but Now Thank Mr. Godfrey for the Gratifying Results of his Discovery.

Mr. D. Loman.

IN THE TWENTIES

Bampton.

You will see that I am completely cured now, and have a lovely head of hair, of which I feel very proud, after having been completely bald on the back of my head, and having several patches in front.

(Signed) D. LOMAN.

Mr. W. H. Cosway

IN THE THIRTIES

5, Devonshire Road,
Weston-super-Mare.
April 25th, 1933.

"Dear Sir,—My head is fully covered with new hair, which is much stronger and better in texture than it was before I lost it all. I am very well known in Weston, and several people have asked me particulars, and they will be writing to you in due course. Again expressing much gratitude for the recovery of my hair in so short a time, seeing I was absolutely bald, including eyebrows and eyelashes."

W. H. COSWAY.

Mr. D. J. Noble.

IN THE FORTIES

20, York Street, Wakefield.
2/7/33.

Dear Sir,—In June, 1932, I lost my hair. I was absolutely bald, and there was not a single hair on my head.

In August I saw your advertisement and I was interested in the Photos of hair renewed by your Treatment. I decided to write to you against the advice of my friends, who said it was only a waste of time and money. In September I commenced your Treatment as your records will show. I started to use your preparation on the Wednesday and on the following Friday my head was totally covered with a kind of down like a chicken, which all came off with massaging and hair started to grow where the down had been.

I am a Bus Driver by occupation and all my fellow workmen were astounded at the growth of hair on my head, and they all said it was a miracle the way my hair was growing. Every time they met me I had to take off my hat and show them progress made with your wonderful treatment.

(Signed) Mr. D. J. NOBLE.

IN THE FIFTIES

115, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
12th October, 1932.

My wife up to three months ago had a completely bald head, from the age of four years owing to a fright. Since using your treatment she has a lovely head of hair which seems to be growing every day. The new hair began to show after two or three weeks' treatment. She is pleased to be able to go out now without a cap, after having had to wear one for about 50 years. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you please so that others may know of your wonderful treatment.—Yours sincerely, GEORGE W. SEYMOUR (on behalf of my wife, Susan Seymour).

IN THE SIXTIES

A CONTRAST: Un-retouched photographs showing Mrs. Strong, of Bingham, "before and after" taking Mr. Godfrey's advice.

"My hair has grown splendid. I cannot tell how pleased I am."—Mrs. STRONG, Bingham.

Mrs. Strong.

IN THE SEVENTIES

Higher Broughton, Manchester.

Dear Mr. Godfrey,—I have just completed three months' Course, and am pleased to say the results far exceed anything I could have anticipated (my age is 74) and my hair is regaining its colour and growing.—
Joseph H. Ashworth.

IN THE EIGHTIES

Lynham Road, S.E.

The treatment has been faithfully carried out and the result is wonderfully successful, especially in view of my age, the hair having grown well and being no longer grey. I shall have great pleasure in recommending you to others.
(Mrs.) M. E. P.

By special permission, full names and addresses of the writers of any of the above reports will be sent with pleasure to bona-fide enquirers.

for FREE SUPPLY

POST THIS FORM

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book explaining your Prescribed Treatment, and Letter of Advice on my own hair trouble. I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) to cover postage and packing.

My Hair Ailment is underlined:

Receding at Forehead,	*Bald Patches,*	*Hair Coming Out,*	*Dry Irritation,*
Thinning at Crown,	*Greyness,*	*Thin, Weak Hair,*	*Greasy Scalp.*
Baldness,	*Colour Fading,*	*Dandruff,*	

NAME .....

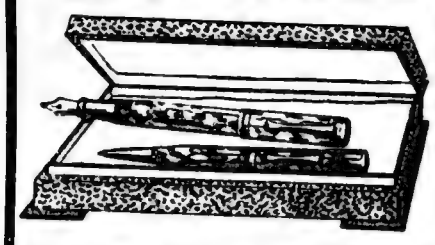
ADDRESS .....
PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS.

.....

If a tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Cream Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. in stamps (6d. in all), or if you require the Follex Luxury Shampoo Sachet send 9d. and make a cross in the square. ☐

JOHN BULL, 9/9/33.

The 'Big Two'
WRITING SET—FREE



The Beautiful Writing Set illustrated here is FREE to Clients using the

"CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

The most Sporting and Comprehensive Lists published. Fixed Price and Long Odds Totalisator.

The Writing Set consists of a beautiful Fountain Pen, 6 in. long, with latest instantaneous stud-filling action, and Pencil to match, in a satin-lined presentation case.

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL GIFT

RACING.—Starting Price Commissions by letter accepted up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit—win or place. Winnings by return. Send for Long Odds Price Lists on the St. Leger, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire.

TO.....CUT ON THIS LINE.....

DAVID COPE LTD. & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ County_____

SKIN DISEASES
Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

This is the treatment referred to by Mr. W. Treagus, who says:—"I am writing to tell you of the wonderful results I have obtained from 'Elasto,' as advertised in 'John Bull.' I was laid up with sciatica for about a month, and since then I thought I was doomed to be a cripple, for my leg had almost wasted to the bone. Then I saw the advert. about 'Elasto' in 'John Bull,' and on the strength of it I decided to give it a trial. I have been using it for three weeks only, and I can walk almost as well as I did before the attack of sciatica. . . ."

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A STING A BURN A BOIL A BRUISE
Quick! where's the Oxydoin?

No home should be without Oxydoin for those accidents that will happen. This wonderful ointment not only soothes away the pain in Insect Bites, but prevents the danger of infection. Boils, Bruises, Bunions, Burns, Cracked Skin, Eczema, Neuritis, Piles and Rheumatism yield to its pain-killing properties—because it contains OXYGEN (Nature's greatest Healer) in nascent form.
Oxydoin is sold in tins and stick form at 1/3 and 2/-, from all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from the makers. Get some Oxydoin to-day and keep it handy for emergencies.

MATTHEWS & WILSON (1931), LTD.
6/8, Cole Street, Bere', S.E.1.

OXYDOIN
SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

Busybodies we Hate Most

by Letter Parliament Contributors

Mrs. Grundy, the arch-busybody

THE woman calling herself a "welfare worker," who, under this title, is allowed to rob unsuspecting parents of their children.

That such women, who rarely seem to be married themselves and have no children of their own, are permitted to perpetrate the inhuman actions which JOHN BULL has so often exposed, thereby blighting the life of some small child and perhaps ruining its future prospects, is an insult to the freedom which our forefathers fought for.

Further injury is added when one sees that the abused children are of poor parentage, so that litigation on their behalf is usually impossible.—*A. L., Salop.*

He Wants to Know—

Alas, too many of us know him, the Means Test officer. I tell him the truth, and the whole truth, yet he doubts every word and cross-examines me until I am almost fainting with the shame and hopelessness of it all. His unnecessary "Are you sure?" makes you hate him intensely.

I wonder if every Means Test officer is so very tactless and rude to us unfortunate "out-of-works"?—*J. W., S. Wales.*

Mrs. Next-Door

The woman neighbour who, whilst my wife and kiddies are on holiday, *will* concern herself unnecessarily regarding my meals, my bed, my washing and my various household duties.

Thinking I am utterly devoid of common-sense, she imparts her efficient methods of home management to me, with a superiority that is positively galling.—*V. A., Kent.*

Women Who Gloat

As one of her victims, the busybody I hate most is the young married woman who on a visit to her former workshop or office exclaims in patronising tones, "I see you are not married yet; you will be getting left if you're not careful!"

I wonder if she realises how much heartache she causes.

This type is responsible for quite a lot of unhappy marriages.—*"Still Single," Liverpool.*

"T.T." Humbugs

The teetotal fanatics are surely the worst busybodies.

Whenever an application for an "off licence" or even an extension of time for some special occasion is made by a publican they will oppose it on principle, without any consideration whatsoever of the rights or wrongs of the case. They are tireless in their interference in other people's business.

I never touch beer myself, but I should consider myself an impertinent humbug if I tried to dictate what other people did about it. These relentless "Thou-Shalt-Nots" are the enemies of mankind.—*H. R., Purley.*

Bleats from the Bench

The magistrate or coroner who, protected from criticism by reason of his office, interferes with the liberty of those who come before him.

Their would-be oracular pronouncements serve no useful end and make justice a mere laughing-stock. They have no right to act as arbiters of fashion or censors of literature.

Recently a coroner decried "penny dreadfuls." I thought such views had died before the war. The old-fashioned penny "blood" is the most moral of books since virtue is always triumphant.—*W. T. R., London, S.E.*

The Nagger

I can't escape him; he's always criticising me. He gets busy when I'm quiet. I've told myself repeatedly: "Ignore him, you'll shake him off if you forget his existence."

He's worse than a terrible twin. Yet to give him credit, he's saved me from making an ass of myself several times, *and he never gloats!*

I get no privacy; if I lapse, there goes the nagging voice like a road-drill!

But he's my best friend, my "better half"—*Conscience!—L. Gittleman, Chatham.*

The Man in Authority

The embodiment of Shakespeare's "man, drest in a little brief authority," the coroner is the veriest sycophant to the lordly motorist who has had the "misfortune" to kill a "careless" pedestrian; but a terrible tyrant to the working-class parent whose child has died of malnutrition, call it by whatever name he will.

To conscientious believers in faith-healing he is especially sincere; and in all cases is regardless of the pain caused to the unhappy survivors by lecturing them on his own pet theories.—*A. M., Enfield.*

Poison Pen Fiends

The anonymous letter-writer. Is there a worse type? These scandal-mongers have been the means of innocent people suffering many untold hardships.

Their letters to labour exchanges, public assistance departments, and to employers have always been a menace to the people, and in many cases have been disastrous for the victims.—*J. M. W., Blantyre.*

Ocean Pest

She is invariably found on board ship. She cannot rest until she has learnt all she can about her fellow-passengers and so plies them with her unwelcome questions: "Where have you come from?" "Where are you going?" "How long do you intend to stay?" until, information exhausted, she hurries off to pester another victim.

There is no evading her. She is as persistent as an aggravating fly. On no ocean liner can you escape her.

I therefore look forward to flying next time I cross the sea!—*S. M. M., Hastings.*

Prophet of Gloom

He who gets so much pleasure out of gloomy prophecies—whether there is any foundation for them or not.

He has heard that So-and-so, the tradesman, is going broke; that poor old Bill won't live very long; that the big factory that provides so much employment has no more orders on hand; and so on.

If he ever hears any good news he must keep it very quiet.—*L. H., Rugby.*

Radiomaniac

I am fond of listening to musical programmes on the wireless, and it is usually when I am enjoying myself most that the local wireless maniac comes on the scene.

Ostensibly he merely drops in for a chat, but he cannot resist peeping inside the set to see if all is in order. There is invariably some slight adjustment to be made which "won't take a moment to fix."

Hours later, when the set is reassembled, the announcer is just saying "Good-night!" I could throw the loud-speaker at the "expert's" head!—*Sidney Harris, Seven Kings.*

Cadgers

The bazaar organiser. His (or her) chief characteristic is a number of fingers itching for other folks' possessions. Continuously pestering business people to give money they can ill afford, and tradesmen to part with valuable goods, to help causes in which the community has only a casual interest.

Drawing buckets of support from the springs of charity by the aid of a forcing pump.

Gloating over gifts received from those who have been politely blackmailed to contribute.—*H. J. R., Westminster.*

* * *

The woman who, though herself a mother, considers it her duty to report the misdeeds of every other child.—*J. E. E., Fleetwood.*

The window-peeper or assiduous duster-shaker, when the people who live opposite have a caller. She has a very nasty habit of putting two and two together and making six.—*Mrs. L. C., Sheffield.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 12.

When I Wept Tears of Joy

SOCCER SELECTIONS

By Our Expert. Matches played on September 9

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Wednesday.
(2) Middlesbrough v. Birmingham.
(3) WOLVES v. Sunderland.
**(4) ARSENAL v. Manchester City.
*(5) VILLA v. Liverpool.
(6) Blackburn v. W. B. Albion.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Leeds.
(8) LEICESTER v. Hotspur.
(9) Newcastle v. Derby.
*(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Chelsea.
(11) Stoke v. PORTSMOUTH.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) FULHAM v. Swansea.
(2) BURY v. Lincoln.
(3) WEST HAM v. Burnley.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. Port Vale.
(5) Bradford v. Bradford City.
(6) GRIMSBY v. Preston.
(7) Hull City v. Millwall.
*(8) MANCHESTER U. v. Bolton.
(9) FOREST v. Oldham.
*(10) PLYMOUTH v. Brentford.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Notts C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) NORWICH v. Brighton.
(2) BRISTOL C. v. Swindon.
*(3) READING v. C. Palace.
*(4) WATFORD v. Gillingham.
(5) BOSCOMBE v. Cardiff.
(6) Charlton v. Exeter.
(7) Coventry v. BRISTOL R.
(8) Newport v. Aldershot.
(9) Q P. Rangers v. LUTON.
**(10) SOUTHEND v. Orient.
(11) TORQUAY v. Northampton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) CHESTER v. York.
(2) DONCASTER v. Walsall.
(3) BARROW v. Rotherham.
(4) Tranmere v. Gateshead.
**(5) BARNSLEY v. Darlington.
(6) CARLISLE v. N. Brighton.
*(7) CHESTERFIELD v. Halifax.
(8) Hartlepools v. WREXHAM.
(9) MANSFIELD v. Southport.
(10) ROCHDALE v. Accrington.
(11) Stockport v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HEARTS v. Hiberians.
(2) CLYDE v. Partick.
(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Cowdenbeath.
*(4) ABERDEEN v. Dundee.
(5) FALKIRK v. Airdrie.
(6) Hamilton v. MOTHERWELL.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. St. Mirren.
(8) Queen of South v. Ayr.
(9) RANGERS v. Celtic.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*A*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Fulham, Luton, Barnsley and Aberdeen.

SLOGAN WANTED

We want a new slogan to advertise our famous

LYBRO

WORK-TOGS

something short and snappy—not more than six words.

Read these Directions Carefully

Write your slogan on a plain piece of paper together with your name and address, and the name of the shop where you bought your last "Lybro" Garment. There is no entrance fee but all entries must be accompanied by a ticket from a "Lybro" garment. Pin the coupon from the bottom left-hand corner of this advertisement to your entry. Everyone who wears a "Lybro" garment has an equal chance. The winner may choose either a motor-bike or a latest model radiogram.

VALUABLE PRIZES

OF A LATEST MODEL MOTOR-BIKE OR A RADIOGRAM

VALUE £35

10 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA

The slogans will be judged by Mr C. Harold Vernon, F.I.P.A. (Chairman of the Organising Committee of the Advertising Exhibition) whose decision is final. Correspondence cannot be entered into

The following are well-known "Lybro" work garments:—

"BLUE BUTTON" and "RED BUTTON" Overalls, "BLUE BUTTON" Work Shirts, "CHALLENGER," "LOCO," "LION" and "AMERICANO" Overalls, "UTILITY" COATS, GROCERS' JACKETS and PAINTERS' COATS.

There is a ticket on all "Lybro" garments and any ticket may be sent with your entry.

ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY 31st OCTOBER

Cut Here

ENTRANCE COUPON

Lybro Slogan Competition

and should be addressed to WORKWEAR LTD MOUNT VERNON LIVERPOOL

Quick decision—Winners advised by post.

cvs—44 John Bull.

"Stylish Stout" just means Too Much FAT

There's really no such thing as a "stylish stout," because after all, stylish women are never fat. Look about you, notice your friends, the stars of stage and screen, the society women whose pictures are in the papers.

If you are over-weight, you owe it to yourself to regain your youthful slenderness. Once you know how practical it is, you will regret not having lost those excess pounds months or years ago.

The right way to reduce is Marmola. Marmola acts on the same principles that specialists follow in treating obesity cases. It supplies the normal element that the body itself uses. That is why most people usually say that they feel better than they have felt in years when taking Marmola. That is why Marmola actually does take off weight.

Marmola can be worth its weight in gold to you. And you owe it to yourself to find out. Moderation helps, of course, but you don't have to starve yourself and you don't have to over-exercise. All you do is take four tablets a day. And when your weight is where you want it, just stop.

Marmola Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83 D), 86, Clerkenwell Road London, E.C.1. Send this coupon, or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free and our guarantee.

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept. 83 D), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.

A PROPER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Everybody benefits from Dr. Cassell Tablets! They contain so much nourishing **goodness**, that their strengthening "**healthening**" effect on the whole human body benefits one and all . . . from Granny with her "rheumatics" to Baby with his teething troubles! Here is the most amazing testimony—all, of course, **un**-paid for!—the story of a WHOLE FAMILY of TWENTY-SEVEN SOULS.

READ HOW

GRANNY CARTER — 9 CHILDREN — 17 GRAND-CHILDREN

—all keep fine *with* DR.

CASSELL TABLETS

Brand

GRANNY *writes*-

5, Garden Place, East Vale, Staffs.

"HAD it not been for Dr. Cassell Tablets I should not have been living to-day. I was in bed for twelve weeks and seemed to get weaker every day. The Doctor said I had a nervous breakdown.

My daughter suggested that I should try Dr. Cassell Tablets, and she got me a box. After the first two days I began to feel a change.

Now I go about my household duties and feel myself again. I am 57, and I would not be without Cassell's. Your wonderful medicine not only suits me, it suits the Whole Family—and there are 9 Children (5 married) and 17 Grandchildren!"

(Mrs) E. Carter

The photo below shows Mr. & Mrs. A. Carter with their two healthy little kiddies.

DADDY *writes*-

6, Garden Place, East Vale, Staffs.

"DR. Cassell Tablets are good for anything. When I am tired or out of sorts, or run-down in any way, just a few doses and I feel myself again. When our little girl June Carter was 1 year and 5 months, she was only just cutting her first tooth; she was very weak and poorly at the time, and we were afraid she might cut them with Fits. So my mother, Mrs. E. Carter, suggested your wonderful Tablets; and sure enough they seemed to steady her little nerves, and picked her up again. She has got nearly all her teeth now, and no further trouble. We shall always use and recommend Dr. Cassell Tablets ourselves; and you may publish this letter and family group with pleasure."

Arthur Carter

Dr. CASSELL TABLETS

FAIR-PLAY OFFER. *Secure from your chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton. All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-.*

Brand

Solve this Common-sense X-Word and win FOUR BIG PRIZES!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW 4-IN-1 FIRST!

25/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £250 AND £25 BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

BIG EXTRA PRIZE of 27 Guinea Pye Radio Gramophone

for First Prize-winner if chief award is won outright. Should First Prize be shared, the Radio Gramophone will be won by the sharer whose solution adjoining winning square is nearest correct.

SEASON TICKET BONUS-VALUE £2

for all winners registered for "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette" by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms. Use "Bulletin" FREE REGISTRATION coupon on "Bulletin" page

COLOSSAL OFFER COMING!

YOUR life will be filled with music indeed, if this week's increased new 3-in-1 prize is captured by you, for a wonderful 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone will be added to your three awards.

Think of the lifelong benefits you would receive from a Pension of 25s. weekly; of the immediate comfort of a fat cheque for £250; of the yearly thrill of receiving £25 on your birthday. Picture them all with a background of melody from your Radio Gramophone—and then start work at once on the entertaining puzzle below.

This opportunity to join "John Bull's" growing list of Pensioners is yours only for a few days. Your entry must be in by noon Thursday, September 14.

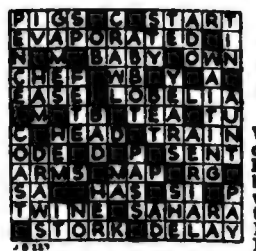
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25/- a week, a Birthday Cheque yearly of £25 and £250 cash (or a lump sum of £600 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those Competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two six-penny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 21, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 28, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Spider weaves this
5. What struggling actor seeks
8. Entertained
10. Lord Trenchard's out to reform it
12. Days when fewest people work
14. Lay hold of
15. A yard and a quarter
17. Associated with "outs"
18. Female rabbit
19. A negative prefix
23. Rested
27. Was in debt to
28. High note
31. Sound the depth of water
33. Joan still is this to Darby
34. Consumed
36. Crossword compiler's favourite bird
37. Describes listening to auntie's symptoms
38. If you do this rashly, a crash will come
39. Is subject to frequent inspection

CLUES DOWN

1. Vegetables are, by our slavey
2. That bird from 36 across
3. Resulted in thief's arrest
4. You'll be mad through losing yours
6. Children love to be on this
7. They get daily wash, for appearance's sake
9. Explains her auburn hair, say neighbours
11. Welcomed by those in a rut
13. When you've done so, you may be committed
16. Details of this are carefully studied
20. Metal in the rough
21. Heat is often caused by this
22. Describes pleasant heat-wave resort
24. French "halfpenny"
25. Are often taken on seaside holiday
26. Drop in these may show newspaper's not thriving
29. How you feel when weather's sweltering
30. Some yarns are too good to be this
31. You use when completing your coupon
32. Where corn is ground
35. If you have this, making money becomes easy



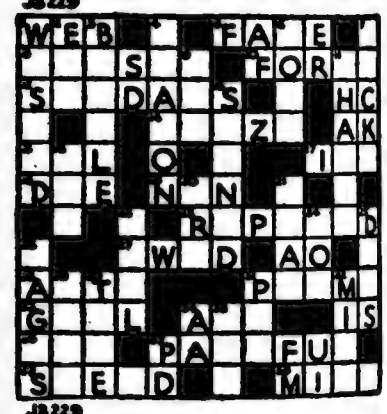
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 227.

Winners in 228 on page 14. Result of 227 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 227 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

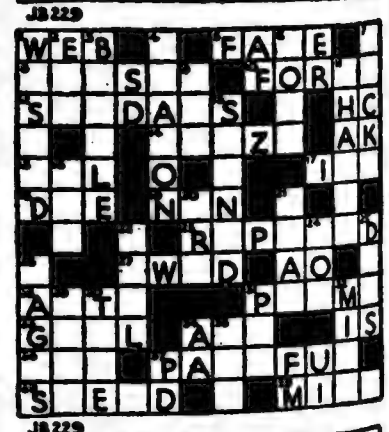
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

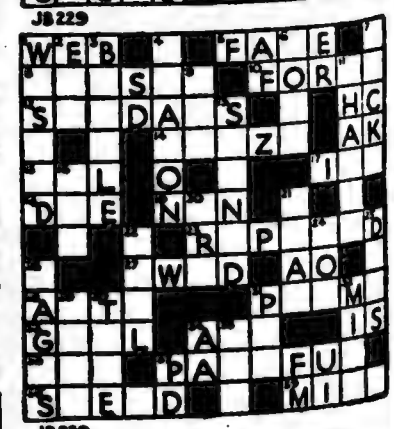
JB 229



JB 229



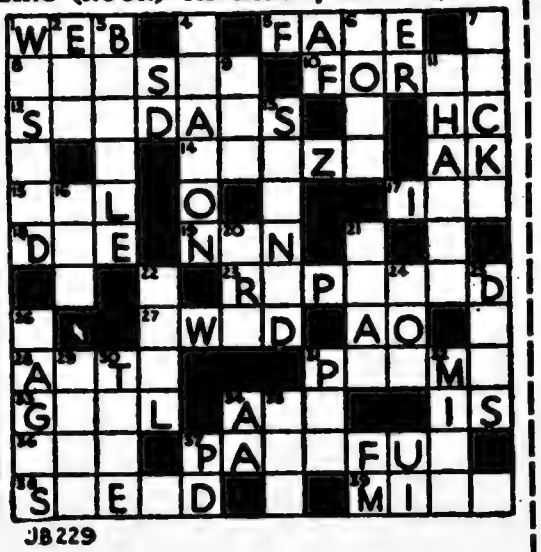
JB 229



JB 229

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 229—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1933.

JB 229



JB 229

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 229—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1933.

JB 229

JB 229

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 14, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 28, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 10, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 229, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

ERNIE

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

E. M. (Dorking).—"I am right, I feel it in my bones." What? Rheumatism?

K. M. (Lincoln).—"Is a horseshoe really lucky?" Depends if it hits you or not.

MAGGIE (Lambeth).—"What a 'orrible 'eat wave we're 'avin', ain't we?" Yours is a bit of a hot spell, too, isn't it?

PERCY (Barnes).—"I am not wearing my plus-fours any longer" What length are you wearing them at present?

CLERK (London, W.C.).—"People with degrees are two a penny at my firm." Couldn't you pass your examinations?

PEGGY A (Sonning).—"Life is simply too wonderful." When did he propose to you?

S. W. (Dorchester).—"Money is a controlling force." With most people it's a spent force.

NINETY (Barmouth).—"My charms went long ago." So long ago that you have probably lost the pawnticket.

D. L. (Tottenham).—"She is very fat and plays the violin." Has she a choice of chins?

T. C. (Lewes).—"There's one thing about piano-playing that my daughter seems to miss." The right notes?

F. E. (Pimlico).—"In the East, ancestor worship still flourishes." Charles Darwin effectually killed it in the West.

POET (Chelsea).—"You cannot write good poetry on an empty stomach." And even if you could, there would be difficulty in posting it.

T. S. (Clacton).—"I jumped with surprise when an old friend met me at the seaside." Did he smack you on your sunburnt neck?

W. S. (Minehead).—"We are told that an apple a day keeps the doctor away." Indications are that in the near future the doctor will be the cheaper.

E. H. (Ambergate).—"Women are now wearing hats woven from string." Husbands, of course, are merely keeping their trousers up with it.

B. E. (Dover).—"In the future, I shall always do my best to put myself in the other fellow's place." We don't advise you to try it on in a theatre queue.

MRS. W. (Stokesley).—"I don't like the way in which my daughter is cultivating her complexion." Is she transplanting it from a pot?

O. M. (Brighton).—"And I was elected chairman." We suppose you're kept very busy now, seeing that people don't dodge paying their twopences.

R. M. (Lewisham).—"I have a D flat saxophone for sale." Most of them sound like that to us.

D. G. (Bursiem).—"If you were to listen to a few of my speeches, you would have your eyes opened." Or, more likely, closed.

S. D. (Wolverhampton).—"Football is much more trying for the spectators than the players." The spectators never get a free kick.

STUDENT (Hendon).—"Even epithets are soon out of date." "You barefaced hussy" and "You overdressed doll," for instance.

P. J. (London).—"My office-boy can tell a lie without blushing." Whose lie?

S. M. (Barnes).—"I am a tailor and my son is to be a tailor." A fitting career for him.

TRIER (Upminster).—"We need prosperity." Yes; and when we get it we must make it feel at home.

G. P. (Wolverhampton).—"I admire a man who says the right thing at the right time." Especially when you are thirsty?

MRS. SMITH (Swansea).—"What with late nights, etc., I see so little of my husband he might as well be dead." But he would still be your late husband.

CONTENTED (Kilmarnock).—"I will love her just as much when her hair turns grey." How many shades have you loved her through already?

W. K. (Salop).—"Excessive drinking shortens a man's life." Still, he manages to see twice as much as other people in the same time.

C. L. (Cambridge).—"Circus performers lead happy domestic lives." A sword swallower, for instance, never causes matrimonial strife by littering the bathroom with old safety-razor blades.

R. M. (St. Albans).—"In papering a room, special care must be taken to do the edges smoothly." A corner of the hall will present a bulging effect also if you forget to move the grandfather clock.

K. B. (Newnham).—"There were thirty entries in our baby show." A howling success?

S. C. (Chertsey).—"I fished all yesterday without even getting a bite." Honest fellow!

J. G. (Preston).—"My sudden move surprised my neighbours." And your landlord, too?

PACIFIST (Cambridge).—"The peace dove is still hovering over Europe." About all we've seen of it so far is the bill.

W. D. S. (Perth).—"Politicians should be barred from making speeches on the screen." Why "on the screen"?

R. B. (Felixstowe).—"I can trace my pedigree back for 500 years." What else can you do?

D. M. (Guildford).—"Some women never know what to do with their hands." And yet they go on playing bridge.

L. P. (Oundle.)—"Before I was married I told my wife I would be the boss in my home or know the reason why." And now you know the reason why?

SANDY (Aberdeen).—"I've ceased to correspond with my brother who emigrated ten years ago." Envelope worn out?

FED-UP (Leicester).—"My wife is both president and vice-president of our domestic company." We are willing to bet she is also treasurer.

G. A. (Hammersmith).—"The holiday season is now almost over." And thousands of cheque-books are in an extremely critical condition.

TRAINER (New York).—"When you want to please an animal, stroke its tail." What do you do when you want to please a Manx cat?

G. B. (Walton).—"On a drinkless island there would be no want, no worry, no insanity, and no crime." Any inhabitants?

R. W. M. (Marylebone).—"Is it true that a human being could not live long on the moon?" Well, does it look appetising or nourishing?

C. E. (Norwich).—"Only two things are certain in this life—death and taxes." What the taxpayer resents is that they do not come in that order.

C. B. (Clayhithe).—"There is one law for the rich and one for the poor." They're lucky. Look at the number the rest of us have to keep.

SWIMMER (Milford Haven).—"I should like to descend Niagara Falls in a barrel." Why not be original and try to ascend them?

TAM (Dundee).—"During a recent political meeting I suffered a bad shock." Did the speaker announce a collection?

A. B. (Louth).—"The girl of ten years' time will have forgotten all this rubbish about equality." Yes; it will be the men who will be asking for it then.

C. H. M. (Barnsley).—"Warn your readers against touching stray wires in the attic—a shock from one has put me on my back." Just the place to think out a 2,000 Guineas *Bullet*—then a wire on September 29 may put you on your feet. See page 39.

G. L. (Colchester).—"It is hard work keeping beautiful." The girl with unattractive features must not lose heart, but just keep her nose to the grindstone.

DAISY (Cardiff).—"I couldn't count the number of times he kissed me during the evening." Perhaps you are no good at sentimental arithmetic.

P. L. (Hanwell).—"Do you think there is anything remarkable in love at first sight?" It's when people have been looking at each other for five or six years that it becomes remarkable.

C. O. (Clapham).—"I want to put a notice of my divorce in the Personal Column of some of the newspapers. How shall I begin it?" "A marriage has been disarranged—."

D. S. (Liverpool).—"A chemist says it is quite possible to produce soap which would be good to eat." How extraordinary it would seem to have to lock the bathroom as well as the pantry against the small boys of the house.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

-in these
3 places

Tests show that Poudre Tokalon stays on four times as long as ordinary powder and gives a soft dull-finish beauty to any complexion. One application lasts all day because it does not blow off, is not affected by perspiration, wind or rain. Natural skin colouring is enhanced by using the correct shade of Poudre Tokalon. Rachel for brunettes with creamy skin; Natural for blondes with medium skin; Rachette for brunettes with rich complexion; Pink for very fair skins and the grey haired woman; Ochre for the Spanish type. Once you use the powder properly adapted to your skin, you will be amazed at your new complexion loveliness. Never again need you worry about those three prominent places where the face usually shines.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing etc. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. HOPTON, 277, Abbey Street Derby, writes: "Seventeen months ago I was very ill, vomiting for 3 weeks and never stopped. I got no sleep for terrible pains. I was in Hospital a fortnight. They X-rayed me and found I had Gall Stones. My husband got me Vitadatio, and I found I was getting stronger and the pain easier, and now I feel a new woman."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 5 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from: *VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.*

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF Mr. GODFREY'S HAIR TONIC

Every man or woman whose hair growth is in any way failing, deficient or greying can obtain free of charge a generous Trial Bottle of Mr. Godfrey's Radio-Active Hair Tonic. All that is necessary is to complete the coupon at the foot of p. 33 and attach two 1½d. stamps to cover postage and packing. A Booklet explaining Mr. Godfrey's Prescribed Treatment will also be sent.

and still safeguarded

HOME again, healthy and happy—a glorious holiday made absolutely perfect and carefree by the knowledge that should one of Betty's lively pranks end disastrously, should accident or sickness overtake any member of the family, should that cosy home be ravaged by fire, storm or flood, or ransacked by burglars—JOHN BULL's unfailing practical and generous assistance would be speedily forthcoming.

JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance covers the family all the time—on holiday or at home. It is your staunch and ever-ready guardian against life's mishaps. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the only paper to cover you against SICKNESS, and to provide benefits for Fire, Storm and Flood damage. Health, Home, Precious Possessions—you can safeguard all.

Make safety first your watchword and JOHN BULL your protection. Register to-day by signing the forms below.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers of JOHN BULL continue to be covered by the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 9/9/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

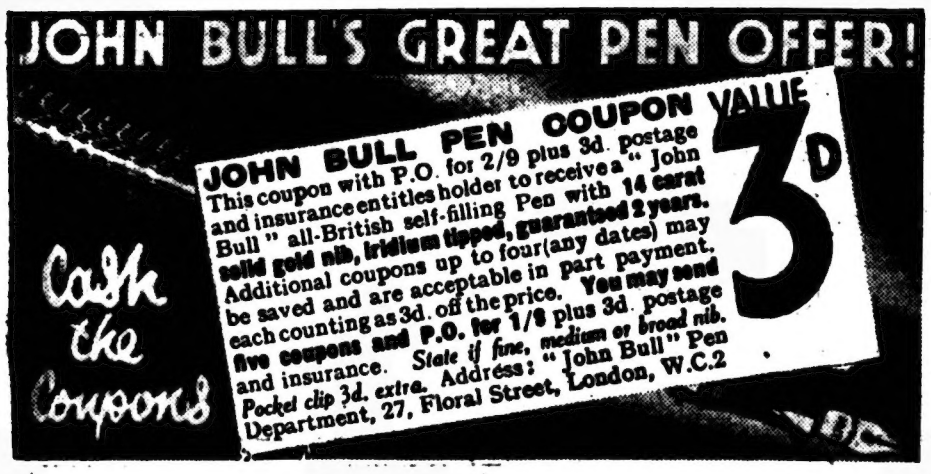
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 9/9/33


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/8 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2
3D
Cash the Coupons

He's taken £1,500 off the TOP!

Interview with Barber First Prize-winner seen at work in this picture

"SHAVE, please!" said a customer who strolled into the barber's shop at 16, Romney Road, Southampton, one recent Friday afternoon.

"You're a brave man," was the surprising reply of the man with the razor.

Not understanding the remark, and regarding it as a joke, the customer sat down and enjoyed an excellent shave. But would he have been as unperturbed had he known that only a tremendous effort of will was keeping that razor steady?

The barber, you see, was Mr. Henry Stone, a keen "Bulleteer." The day was Friday, and Mr. Stone's head was whirling with excitement.

In his pocket was a magic envelope which had just arrived from Long Acre. "You have won £1,500 and a Millionaire's Week-end for Two," was its thrilling message.

Imagine for yourself the winner's feelings as he added his customer's sixpence to the promise of over 60,000 sixpences from JOHN BULL.

The name which headed last week's prize-list, however, was Mrs. L. M. Stone, so it was at Mr. and Mrs. Stone's home at 32, Anglesea Road, Shirley, Southampton, that a JOHN BULL man first called with congratulations. There Mrs. Stone explained that her husband had entered in her name his First Prize *Bullet*, To SETTLE THE DEBT—TO PARENTS, BE "CREDIT."

"Let me introduce you," Mr. Stone said to our representative, "to the real reason for my success."

A young man with a broad smile stepped forward to shake hands.

"I was nearly giving *Bullets* up," Mr. Stone went on to admit, "and then this schoolmate of mine, Mr. Rackham, won a prize of £5."

"Well, I made up my mind to go one better. I ordered a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, and now it's my turn to crow!"

Only last week, our readers will recall, we published on this page a picture of the fine little general store set up by young Mr. W. G. Barnes, of Southampton. That shop was built with part of the prize-money he won in our big August Offer of 1932.

"Young Barnes, Rackham and I all went to Regent's Park School, Southampton," said Mr. Stone, emphasising how the success of these other "Bulleteers" had spurred him on to win for himself.

"I have plenty of time to think about *Bullets*," he continued, "for I am in the shop for at least twelve hours a day. Rackham is unfortunately out of work, so he comes along and we discuss each other's efforts."

"My First Prize *Bullet* only took me a few minutes to make," the winner went on to explain. "The 'debt' and 'credit' word-play came automatically—anyone with a small business knows plenty about debts!"

Thanks to this huge success, the biggest yet won by any Southampton "Bulleteer," Mr. and Mrs. Stone will soon be able to realise an ambition they have cherished for years. "We've been longing for a house of our own," he said, "and now we're going to have one!"

What is *your* ambition? A house of your own—and a car? A little business? A country cottage with a little plot of land?

Study the latest *Bullets* winners below and then get busy on your efforts for a prize far bigger than that Mr. Stone secured. It awaits you on the opposite page.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 905

FIRST PRIZE OF £400 PLUS £50 CHRISTMAS CHEQUE:

Mrs. M. D. LEAK, 19, Cowper Road, Hanwell, W.

Example:—ALL FATHER CAN DO

Bullet:—WHISPER "GET WELL, BABY!"

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. BAZLEY, "Toriand," Down Road, Tavistock.
Example—What Started It
Bullet:—One Wonders, Viewing "Crock."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. F. EVERETT, 34, Queen's Road, Old Fletton, Peterborough.
Example:—Wide-awake Government
Bullet:—If My "Government" Joined!

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. A. ESS, 7, Glenhaven Avenue, Manchester.
Example:—Harbour of Peace
Bullet:—But Kiddies' "Squalls" Missed.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. HOWARD, 21, Progress Terrace, Mt. Pleasant, Batley.
Example:—Wide-awake Government
Bullet:—Ours—Getting Citizens Abed!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 OF £6 EACH:

M. H. ARMITAGE, 59, Heidelberg Road, Bradford.
Knocked On The Head—Pet Schemes, By "Pets."

J. H. COOPER, 180, Doe Lea, Nr. Chesterfield.
"Look Out!"—Father Bellowed—Scared Bull!

A. MARSH, 34, Tonbridge Road, Maidstone.
Biggest Of All—"Insurance" Offered *Bible* Reader.

T. E. OLLIVER, "Stanmer View," Natal Road, Brighton.
Brown Faces — Smythe, So Becomes "Browne."

A. SIDWELL, 40, Market Place, Bedworth.
[illegible] Ramsay—Tackle Includes Magnifying

5 OF £5 EACH:

L. GRIESBACH, 6, Delhi Avenue, Coventry.
Bottled Up — Peace's "Message" — *We're* "Drifting."

H. JAMES, 13, Lower Level, Mountain Ash.
Torn To Shreds—World—Politicians "Seeking Bargains."

W. E. JONES, Idris View Trawsfynydd, Merioneth.
Following Her—Crawling Cars—"Scorching" Language.

Mrs. E. PEPPER, 18, Hewitt Street, Chester.
Angler Ramsay—Nervous—"Bull" Getting Restless.

V. TEE, 41, Parham Road, Gosport.
Harbour of Peace—No "Stone" Disturbs "Reflection."

5 OF £4 EACH:

P. ECCLES, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Wide-awake Government — One *Without* "Comfortable" Majority.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. ELDER, Jnr., 23, Leslie Street, Motherwell.
Makes The World Brighter—Boss's "Dull Morning, Bill!"

E. PASFIELD, Glengariff Hotel, Clacton-on-Sea.
What Started It—Small Thing—Wife's Mind!

H. PIDGEON, "Imperia," Fountain Street, Halifax.
Overworked — Politician Feels, Unfolding Arms!

F. J. POWELL, 98, High Street West, Glossop.
All Father Can Do—Thunder—Beneath His Breath.

A list of 30 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

As announced in connection with this contest, each winner of £2 and upwards will also receive an additional Holiday Bonus of £2 10s.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

STAGGERING 4 PRIZE
50
£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE
plus £1,000
plus £50 BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
plus
MARCONIPHONE
£52·10s. RADIO GRAMOPHONE
FREE... 'BULLETS' ENTRY WEEKLY FOR LIFE
EACH WINNER OF £5, £2 10s OR £1 IN THIS CONTEST WILL BECOME ELIGIBLE TO ENTER ONE FREE 'BULLETS' COUPON WEEKLY AS LONG AS HE LIVES!
IF FIRST PRIZE WINNER PREFERS SINGLE AWARD, A LUMP SUM OF 2000 GUINEAS WILL BE PAID ★
which completes the 4-in-one First Prize is a magnificent 7-valve Super-heterodyne all-electric instrument in walnut case and fitted with mechanism for changing its own records.

Enter by Sat., Sept. 16 for this Giant Offer!

A FEW days more and you will no longer be able to enter for the sensational opening contest of JOHN BULL'S great Autumn Campaign! So get to work on *Bullets* at once and for a few well-chosen words your colossal 4-in-1 reward may well be a **Life Pension of £2 a week**, a Fortune of **£1,000**, a magnificent **50-Guinea "Marconiphone" Radio Gramophone** and a **£50 Birthday Cheque yearly for life!**

Soon after noon on **Friday, September 29**, JOHN BULL'S telegram of congratulations will be flashed to the First Prize-winner. Somebody's name must be on that magic envelope, somebody's life must be transformed that day—and that somebody may well be *you!*

If you put off starting on your *Bullets*, you may be presenting this gigantic prize to somebody else.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing beyond you in the making of *Bullets*. You have merely to convey neatly any idea that occurs to you as you study closely the *Examples* provided.

Remember, your efforts must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, with an apt bearing on the *Example* used. Aim at the neatest possible phrasing, but make sure that your meaning is clear.

Here is a specimen to give you a start. Suppose you choose the *Example* THIRSTY WORLD and first note down *But America Refuses Aid*. This you could readily improve to the finished *Bullet*, THIRSTY WORLD—ROOSEVELT ONLY OFFERS "GRUEL."

To help you strike a winning vein, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* which appear on the opposite page. Then begin on your efforts—and see that they are in by Saturday, September 16, if you want JOHN BULL'S thrilling telegram a few days later.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THIRSTY WORLD
THE BRITISH
GAGGED AND BOUND
CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY
TOP DOG
IN A HUNDRED YEARS
IF THEY KNEW
DANCING WITH RAGE
ROT
BREAD OF IDLENESS
WORRYING
NICE YOUNG MAN
GETTING RICH QUICKLY
THE TYRANT
FANCIES HIMSELF
IN THE CRADLE
FOUL PLAY
STICKY END
RASH
TO SOOTHE HER
WIFIE WANTS
MAN WITH A WHISTLE
WHEN HUBBY'S CROSS
WARNING TO WOMEN
HAPPY PAIR
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
SUDDENLY
AFTER DARK
STEADILY MOUNTING
AWKWARD SQUAD
LIKE A STATUE
FALSE MOVE
WHEN SHE LOOKED IN
MADE HIM JUMP
DAYS—WEEKS—MONTHS—
CLEAR CONSCIENCE
TO THE GOOD
RUINS
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
TRICK OF THE TRADE

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 904 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Longland, Romsey Road, Shirley, Southampton.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £1 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the three winners in "Bullets" No. 903 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 903, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HUGE RADIO GRAMOPHONE OFFER NEXT WEEK

CICFA
FOR
INDIGESTION
IN BOTH STOMACH & BOWEL

Indigestion is the root-cause of nearly all ill-health. Constipation, Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Biliousness, Palpitation, even Rheumatism and Gout, all come from one devastating cause—Indigestion.

If YOU are a victim of any of the agonies caused by Indigestion, you can banish them by taking Cicfa, as thousands have done already.

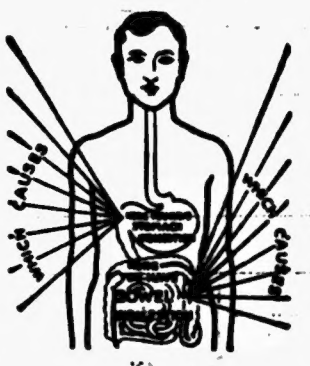
"*It's no good,*" you say; "*I've tried everything, my case is different.*"

Your case MAY be different, your symptoms different, according to temperament and circumstances. But the root-cause is the same; there is not sufficient of Nature's digestive ferments which must be present to digest your food.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

- GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

Now isn't it reasonable to suppose that if we can give you a scientific combination of digestive ferments in a form which can be used by the digestive organs, that the whole digestive system will readjust itself and improvement at once begin? This is exactly what occurs when Cicfa is taken; that is why improvement starts with the very first dose.

We do not ask you to take our word only. Ask your doctor. Doctors agree that Cicfa is a reliable remedy for Indigestion and its painful symptoms.

Holidays—with travelling, "cruising," or eating away from home, often cause Constipation. That is not the Liver; it is Indigestion. Take CICFA.

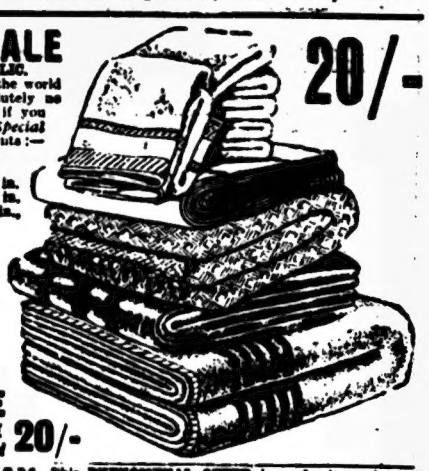
Cicfa is sold by all chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from The Cicfa Co., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

RECORD "X.L." BARGAIN BALE

MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. *Special to "John Bull" readers this week.* Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 in. x 60 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 84 in. x 76 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 86 in. x 70 in.
1 Set (1) Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52 in., with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Taupe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 80 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 30 x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs. Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.



BALE COMPLETE *Carr Paid* **20/-**

20/-

RUGS GIVEN AWAY This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

9/6

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J. B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

B·D·V 'MAC'

125
COUPONS

or 115 only if you cut out and send the voucher below

A 'MAC' FOR 125 COUPONS would at any time be a gift to attract attention. And when the 'Mac' is of the quality and style of those illustrated, such a gift is nothing short of marvellous. More important still! — these 'Macs' are being given away by B.D.V—the cigarette that has held such a high place in the affection of smokers for over thirty years . . . . . change to B.D.V to-day!

GIFT NO. N398. *Gents' Lightweight Waterproof* in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt. All sizes from 34 inch chest to 44 inch, increasing 2 inches a size.

125 COUPONS

GIFT NO. E159. *Ladies' Lightweight Waterproof.* A smart coat of finest proofed Indiana. Full-cut pockets and storm cuffs. Choice of colours: Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
All sizes 36 inch length to 48 inch, increasing 2 inches a size. Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

125 COUPONS

smoke B D V cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

B.D.V FREE VOUCHER

10 COUPONS

AVAILABLE ONLY FOR 'MAC' N398 OR E159.

Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., Proprietors.

D.25. 9/9/33

No matter how many coupons you find in a 6d. packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

B.D.V. TOBACCO 11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANCE TO BUY TO B D V — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY FREE

68 B.21 Shhapro

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